What Red China Wants *Mark Mancall*

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FALL BOOK REVIEW

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Vive La Difference

★ As we said last week, this election was a lot easier to predict than to explain. When Oklahoma elects a Republican Governor and Vermont a Democrat, what is the connecting link? Here is a stab at some answers.

Kennedy got a big negative victory with some positive overtones. He interrupted the historical cycle that says Democrats should have lost 40-50 House seats at midterm as the party in power. He did this in part because (a) the religious issue is over, which made Kennedy lose an abnormal 21 House seats in 1960 in spite of his own victory; (b) because some of his Cuban popularity washed over to Democrats; (c) because on a lot of issues individual Democrats have taken popular (liberal) positions in a nation which is predominantly Democratic; and (d) because of simple voter personality choices.

As to the latter, Senators Wiley and Capehart are windbags; everybody knows it; they lost. In California as between Nixon and Brown the voters finally chose Brown. Right down to the last Nixon was waving Communism, Murray Chotiner and his family. It wasn't good enough. With the cruel finality of American politics this looks like the end of the road for Nixon. We don't gloat; we never liked him. We rather pity him.

So what has Kennedy won? He will face a new Congress in January much like the old but with subtle difference. We judge it will be a younger, slightly more "moderate" Congress. There will be two or three more Kennedy Senators (enough, probably, to pass medicare next year).

As to the House, a first reading indicates that pro-Kennedy forces, in spite of conventional party labels, may have increased a little – one guess is by four votes (or a shift of eight from one side to the other). Joined with Mr. Kennedy's own increased prestige and a party tendency to team up a bit before a Presidential election, this might help the White House.

Yet every sign indicates that the hard-core of pro-Kennedy House members, say 190 out of 435, is still outnumbered by an opposing conservative coalition of about 200 members, and that Mr. Kennedy must still constantly placate and woo an uncommitted central swing group of 30-40 Southerners and liberal Republicans who will continually blur issues and produce hairline decisions.

We repeat our opinion that Mr. Kennedy will find it easier to get major legislation enacted by changing the country than by changing Congress.

The election puts Governor Rockefeller out in front for 1964, but it also produces a couple of new glamor figures, Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania and Governor Romney of Michigan. (The GOP's James Rhodes won in Ohio, but we don't consider him of national caliber.) Of the first two we think Scranton is tougher than Romney, who is also handicapped in subtle ways by his Mormon religion with its derogatory reference to Negroes. Rocky, we think, is out in front but he hasn't yet got it in the bag.

Unerring Instinct

★ Just a word about Cuba and the global situation. We are in the midst of mighty changes; the whole world power-alliance structure is shifting, maybe in our favor. The Cuban situation has downgraded Castro in Latin America, upped our prestige, made even the oppressed masses wonder about Communism. Simultaneously Red China's invasion has wrenched India and other Afro-Asiatic neutrals out of old pipe dreams; probably somewhere in the Kremlin it has worried Soviet planners, too. (The same Chinese maps that claim parts of India also show parts of Russia as "Chinese.") For a brief historical minute or two power alliances are malleable; if the West is wise we may gain by this before they harden again.

This brings us back to Kennedy. If our interpretation is right the most laudable thing about his Cuban operation was its moderation after Khrushchev wilted. And with an unerring instinct for folly this was the part pinpointed for outraged attack by the two top Republican Congressional campaign managers, Sen. Barry Goldwater and Rep. Bob Wilson of California.

Black, White and Gray

★ This is really important enough to deserve exploration. As we see it, America divides into two rival philosophical camps over the Cold War. One believes that the struggle is temporary and that it will, after all, subside in time. It believes that we must negotiate at all costs; that Russians are human; that Khrushchev is not a monster (but actually for some purposes a lot better than the Kremlin Birchites); that Poland and Yugoslavia may perhaps be weaned from Moscow and Moscow from Peking. In a word, this is the "gray" school.

The other school is black-and-white. It assumes we are in a life-and-death struggle from which there is no outcome but absolute surrender or victory, and that Moscow sees it the same way; that there are no gradations of evil in anything labeled "Communist"; that Cuba and Poland, and Yugoslavia and Moscow must all be smashed, and that any accommodation is "appeasement."

It is this second American school that scares the whole Western world. Most Europeans recoiled when Kennedy cracked down on Cuba: they assumed this US group was ascendant.

Their teeth stopped chattering when Kennedy faced Khrushchev down but did not try to rub his nose in the mud. Messrs. Goldwater and Wilson, speaking for their whole powerful group, found Kennedy's moderation intolerable; the "no-invasion pledge," they cried, "has locked Castro and Communism into Latin America and thrown away the key."

Nobody should doubt the power of this group: it is pervasive, it is patriotic. It will use every means at its command to end America's diplomatic maneuverability.

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Richard Nixon's Farewell Address, conceding defeat in California, was a rambling, mean complaint that he had been smeared. "He pulled the havoc down around his ears," Mary McGrory reported. One hundred thousand Nixon precinct workers, he said, had not done enough (though he was "proud" of them); the press had not reported him accurately (though three-fourths of the state's papers backed him). In his unlucky seventh campaign, each time Nixon or his political aides sent up a misleading innuendo, Governor Pat Brown and his men promptly shot it down, and explained in loud voice what Nixon had been trying to do. The hunter was brought down by his own arrow. There were others who had tried to climb to glory by labeling their opponents "soft on Communism." They were not successful, not after Cuba. In general, the November 6 results were a vindication of moderation and gave little satisfaction to the Radical Right. The Gubernatorial candidate of the Conservative Party in New York received a meager two percent of the total vote cast, barely enough to assure that new party legal status until the next election for Governor. Conservative Republicans did do well in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. Sen. John Carroll, a long-time carrier of the Democratic banner, was badly defeated by a Goldwater Republican in a campaign that was marked by Democratic passivity and Republican enthusiasm, organization, money and almost perfect public relations. The winner, former Rep. Peter Dominick, is an articulate, old-school-tie conservative – of St. Mark's School, Yale and corporate law practice – who resembles a younger Jimmy Stewart. An equally photogenic conservative, John A. Love, beat Democratic Governor Stephen McNichols even more decisively; and the Republicans probably will control the Colorado state legislature. Yet neither foreign nor any national issues, save possibly medicare and "big government," seem to have much to do with these victories. The Colorado campaign turned almost entirely on personalities, local issues and hard work. Carroll seems not to have helped his own cause. He appeared pompous and nervous on TV. Also, the organized Colorado medical profession worked quietly but determinedly against him, as well as against Democratic Sen. Joe Hickey, defeated in neighboring Wyoming. The whole story was told in Denver. Instead of the "normal" Democratic majority of 15,000 to 20,000, Carroll and McNichols led there by 2,000 or less. A liberal Democratic Congressman, Frank W. Burke of Louisville, Kentucky, was also beaten by a Goldwater-type Republican

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who had welcomed Birch Society support. But the reason for that was the landslide re-election of Sen. Thruston B. Morton, who carried Mr. Snyder in.

In the Texas panhandle, a John Bircher, Amarillo's Mayor Jack Seale, lost out to incumbent Walter Rogers.

In California, the only thing the Radical Right had to crow about was that Maxwell Rafferty was the new State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Yet the irony of Rafferty's victory is that he probably could not have won had he not soft-peddled his Birch backing. Wherever the John Birch Society ventured open battle, California's voters knocked it flat. They defeated three avowed Birchers – Reps. John G. Rousselot and Edgar Hiestand, and Mr. H. L. Richardson who was bidding for a new Congressional seat. Richardson lost to George Brown, a former small-town mayor with one of the most consistently liberal voting records in California's lower House. All three campaigns were marked by the usual right-wing demonstrations, the wildly shouting women, the tape recorders to take down the remarks of the opposition. Why did Rafferty win? Partly because he was more personable and decisive in the threescore face-to-face debates he had with his opponent; partly because he expressed the voters' feelings that "something had gone wrong with the kids" and that maybe the answer was to go back to the three R's.

The Radical Right's effort to unseat liberal Wisconsin Congressman Robert Kastenmeier flopped. As Chairman of the Liberal Study Group in Congress (all of whose remaining members were re-elected, including the deceased Clem Miller whose seat will now be settled by a new election), Kastenmeier was a prime Republican target. He had even voted against the House Un-American Activities Committee appropriation! Kastenmeier won because he runs an efficient office which tends to the problems of his district, and he possesses a kindly Lincolnesque disposition that Main Street likes. The Radical Right had its guns trained on old Claude Pepper, but he won election to Congress from North Dade county in Miami by 59,514 to 43,782 against a former FBI agent who campaigned for a balanced budget, Constitutional government, and a return to the free enterprise system. Pepper was painted as "red," "pinko" and "pro-Communist" in unsigned campaign material.

The so-called "peace candidates" did little better than the extreme rightwingers. Stuart Hughes in the Senatorial race in Massachusetts polled only 2.4 percent of the vote, though it had been predicted before Cuba that he would get 10 percent, some of it from Democrats affirming their distaste for Ted Kennedy. Three Californians were elected to the House on "peace platforms." Two of them, Edward Roybal and George Brown endorsed a SANE statement declaring their opposition to nuclear weapons testing and urging a free, neutral status for Berlin. Another, Lionel Van Deerlin said he favored an end to the nuclear arms race. The rest of the 17 "peace candidates" around the country (two of them for the Senate) sank without a trace.

Why a "Net Gain"?

On balance, the President's numerical strength on Capitol Hill seems to be about the same as it was. Four more Democrats were elected to the Senate, four fewer to the House. But in the House, the Democratic losers were Southern Conservatives, which is one reason the White House considers the elections "a clear net gain." The arithmetic of the new Congress indicates slightly improved chances for Kennedy's medicare and tax reform bills and perhaps some school aid legislation as well. But the "net gain" cannot be computed only arithmetically; it is a qualitative gain too.

For example, the election as Congressman-at-Large in Michigan of Neil Staebler, one of the most gifted practitioners of politics and a thorough-going progressive, is more than one-vote-more for the President in the House. Likewise, the fifth Minnesota district (Minneapolis) sent to Congress by a decisive majority margin Democrat Donald M. Fraser. At 38, Fraser has an impressive background as Secretary of the Democratic Farmer-Labor State Senate Caucus from 1955 to 1962. With his combination of intellect and political skill, Fraser is the very model of the New Frontier Democrat. The man he replaces, Walter Judd, was best known as Chiang Kai-shek's chief champion on the Hill.

In both Houses, there will be new vitality. Three young progressive Democrats replace three old conservative Republicans in the Senate – Birch Bayh of Indiana for Homer Capehart, Governor Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin for Alexander Wiley, and, at last report, Food for Peace Director George McGovern for Joe Bottum in South Dakota. The least known of the three nationally, 34-year-old Bayh, brings with him eight years of experience as a state legislator and a 100 percent commitment to Kennedy policies.

The elections did something else – they put modern Republicans in the driver's seat of their '64 campaign. Ev and Charlie will remain at the controls in the 88th Congress, but Nelson Rockefeller, William Scranton and George Romney will rule the state house strongholds in electorally powerful New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan, and will dominate the next GOP national convention. Although the new names of Scranton and Romney add spice to speculations about the Presidential nomination, these two gentlemen will

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be more than occupied by the demands of their difficult new jobs, with little time or energy left over to invest in trying to overtake Governor Rockefeller outside their states – unless, of course, it turns out that Rockefeller by '64 has been overexposed. He did not do as well as expected, and his future may not be as sunny as many thought on November 5. Notwithstanding his personal charm, his generally progressive record, and the inept and uninspired opposition provided by Robert Morgenthau, Rockefeller's margin of victory was the lowest of any state-wide Republican candidate (Senator Javits got nearly twice as large a margin). Rockefeller lost upstate Erie county by more than 35,000 votes; he had won it by 65,000 in 1958.

Interestingly, both Romney and Scranton talked in the Kennedy manner of getting their states going again. Scranton spoke of building new roads, attracting federal contracts and spending money on new business. He proved remarkably successful in traditional Democratic strongholds, carrying the Pittsburgh area by 50,000, no doubt benefiting by the chronic depression of Pennsylvania, where eight percent are unemployed. Romney shunned Republican party politics generally, talked loftily of a million new jobs in Michigan by 1970, of "leadership" and of ending government by "special interests." No other Republican state candidate won.

The vaunted Democratic machine in Chicago performed feebly, yet not so feebly as to satisfy the Republicans who had dreamed of using Senator Dirksen's off-year re-election to open a breach in Mayor Daley's monolithic county Democratic organization. The President's swing into Illinois for two speeches for Democrat Sidney Yates was dulled within 24 hours by Mr. Kennedy's summoning Dirksen, as Senate Minority Leader, to the White House for a *post hoc* briefing on the Cuban crisis. That fateful summons gave the loquacious Dirksen all the extra ammunition he needed to shoot Yates down. Yates had been rejected by Marshall Field's two Chicago newspapers and the *Tribune's* two editorial trumpets. He had only the *Chicago Defender*, the voice of the 800,000 nonwhite Chicago community, on his side.

Splitters and Switchers

To the independent minded who put store by broad freedom of choice in politics, the elections were full of good news. Rarely has there been so much or such sophisticated splitting of tickets and switching of old traditional party allegiances. Pennsylvania picked Scranton for Governor but returned Democratic Joe Clark to the Senate. Republican New Hampshire and Vermont elected Democratic Governors. In Vermont, as earlier in Maine, a well-organized, militant Democratic Party has quietly come into being, and is carefully planning now for 1964.

In the South and border states Republicans increased their House representation from 9 to 15, electing Congressmen from Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, North Carolina and Texas. They also ran strong in South Carolina and Alabama – where Sen. Lister Hill almost lost under the charge of being a "Kennedycrat" (Bobby Kennedy, that is). In the 87th Congress, there were 9 Republicans in the House from the 13 Southern states. The next House will have 14 Republicans from the same states. In Alabama, Senator Hill's Republican opponent polled 49.2 percent of the vote; the last time a Republican ran for Senate in that state he got 21 percent of the vote. In North Carolina, the GOP picked up one more House seat for a total of two, and it increased its membership in the state legislature by seven – to 24 out of 153 in both Houses. Ten years ago the Republicans in the North Carolina state legislature were all but non-existent. In South Carolina, the Republican Senatorial candidate in 1956 polled 17 percent of the vote. This year, William D. Workman got more than 42.7 percent. In South Carolina's second Congressional district, the Republican candidate in 1954 received 2.3 percent of the vote; the GOP this year received 46 percent or more of the popular vote. In Georgia's fifth district (Atlanta), Republicans got 45 percent of the vote. And in the third and seventh districts of Virginia, Republican candidates polled slightly under 50 percent of the vote.

The South is clearly developing two-party tendencies, but at a price to both Republicans and Democrats. The far Right, segregationist Republicans who are sprouting in Dixie are bound to collide with Rockefeller Republicans in '64. Their emergence as a real threat will also make it even harder for Southern Democrats in future Congresses to support anything that has the faintest whiff of liberalism.

The President's position has been improved; the center has been broadened; there will be more moderates and liberals in the next Congress. Nevertheless, no reliable Kennedy majority is discernible. The President's lieutenants merely will have a bit more room in which to deal and dicker for the six to 12 extra votes they need to pass most controversial measures in the House. If the President is to have his way more often than he did in the first half of his first term, he will have to use more of his enhanced authority (and it has been enhanced), explaining simply and repeatedly to the public what he wants and why. There have never been so many educators around the White House. Their talents now need to be put to more use.

On one domestic issue – farm surpluses – the election gives no comfort to the Administration. It flunked a popularity test in western Kansas wheat

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country, and Kansas lost its only Democratic Congressman. The rightwing Republican Robert Dole of the old sixth district soundly beat the middle-road Democrat, J. Floyd Breeding of the old fifth. Breeding defended the Administration's program for controlling agricultural output, Dole vigorously opposed it as too restrictive. Farmers still obviously want government price supports, but not controls. Not a single Republican member of the House Agricultural Committee was defeated. And every Democratic Congressman who opposed his own party's leadership on important farm legislation – who voted against the Administration's price support proposals on each of the three times they were presented to the House – was re-elected. On the other hand, every single Republican member of the House from farm areas who was up for re-election triumphed. While support for the Administration's farm position may have increased in the Senate, the new House is expected to oppose Mr. Freeman as strongly as it has in the past.

If, taken as a whole, the verdict of the electorate cannot be legitimately construed as a powerful "mandate" for the New Frontier, it is still a pat on the back. Now the problem becomes how the White House can assure a fair hearing for its programs, given the dictatorship of the standing committees.

The election did not change the archaic rules under which Congress operates or fails to operate – rules which make it comparatively easy for the conservative coalition to block progress. The election did not defeat any of the conservative Southern Democrats who, by virtue of seniority, head most of the major committees. Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon of Missouri and the conservative majority in his committee will still control the size and shape of the federal budget. House Rules Committee Chairman Howard Smith of Virginia and the conservatives serving under him will still decide what legislation the House can consider – unless something is done about it. Curbing their authority will again have to be the Kennedy Democrats' first order of business, as it was in January of 1961.

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE UN'S LIMITED BUT REAL UTILITY

U Thant and the Cuban Crisis

United Nations

What was the United Nations' share in preventing the Cuban conflict from developing into an atomic holocaust? With what prestige does the UN emerge after the first two weeks of the crisis? The first fact is that all three parties directly involved – the US, Russia, Cuba – knew from the beginning that they could not ignore the world organization, even if the action each took did not wait on UN approval. Most probably the action of each would not have been altered by explicit UN disapproval; yet all three turned to the UN, either for help or to prevent the enemy's monopolizing the world forum. The world organization's utility, however modest, was again confirmed. The essence of that utility is that when, in our atomic age, a major international crisis breaks out, the powers involved cannot think solely in terms of an enemy's capacity to strike first and its own power to retaliate, or vice versa. They must also try to win the political battle by maneuvering in the hope of making both an atomic strike and retaliation unnecessary.

The organization's role became more evident after the first phase of the crisis had passed. In the second phase the UN was no longer a peripheral arena for maneuvering; it became the principal arena for actual negotiations. History teaches how difficult it usually is to find a go-between acceptable to all the interested parties in moments of crisis. How many wars could have been averted had one been available? Now, thanks to the UN, a mediator is always on hand.

True, U Thant's initial proposal for a two to three week suspension of the blockade – coupled with his bitter condemnation of unilateral US action – was clearly unacceptable to Washington and very welcome in Moscow. But looking back, one can see that it was a shrewd move. U Thant probably thought that he must first placate the party which considered itself harmed (Russia), rather than one which caused the harm (US) in order to prevent the conflict's deepening. Moreover, with the Western countries allied to the US lined up on one side and the Communists on the other, the mediator had to seek the support of the nonaligned. And the nonaligned were very critical of Washington.

The first accomplishment of U Thant was to win

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time. Those additional 48 or 72 hours which passed without war were a real victory. But at that moment too, the limitations of the UN became evident. The world organization can serve as a shock absorber; it can provide a forum for the exchange of arguments and abuses; it offers machinery for mediation. But when a conflict breaks out between super-powers and when the nature of that conflict is such that no compromise is possible and one side must retreat if war is to be averted, then the UN can do little that is decisive. The issue of Soviet missiles in Cuba was not negotiable for the US. The weapons had to be removed either by the USSR or by the Americans. Moscow could either take its rockets out or prepare for war. U Thant could not hope that on this central question Kennedy or Khrushchev would listen to his advice. This explains why the Khrushchev-Kennedy agreement was reached over the head of the UN, and why the UN was virtually eliminated from this crucial phase of negotiations. It could not have been otherwise, for with its present structure, the UN cannot resolve the major differences between the big powers. In spite of this obvious fact, however, there are many well-intentioned but not very wise people who shout: "Take Berlin to the UN; let disarmament be settled there; let the UN issue a ban on all atomic tests." They shout in vain. All these problems will be resolved only if they are first disposed of by the big powers themselves.

The UN came into the forefront of the Cuban crisis again when it became necessary to work out the means with which the agreement of the two big powers could be implemented. Negotiations to achieve this are still continuing.

If one examines the tactics which various powers adopted here when the Cuban question was at the boiling point, one can say that Washington's idea of going to the Security Council was a good one. Of course no approval of the blockade could be expected. But by taking the bull by the horns, the US showed that it meant to take the initiative on all fronts. Still, this recourse to the UN was also based on not a small amount of miscalculation; apparently some members of the US delegation believed that after an inconclusive Security Council debate, they would be able to rally a favorable two-thirds majority in the General Assembly. Such a belief betrayed a serious misunderstanding of the state of mind of the unaligned, who now represent about half of the UN's members.

The anti-American attitude of the great majority of the unaligned was motivated by two things. First, they feared, quite understandably, that US action against Cuba, whatever the merits of the case, could set a dangerous precedent, and that in the future another small country might find itself under strong pressure from a more powerful neighbor. But in addition, for many of the nonaligned, though by no means for all, it comes much easier to censure a Western power than to censure Russia or Communist China. The fact that India's present plight finds relatively little sympathy among the nonaligned is revealing. One has only to think what would happen if the invader of India had been a country linked to the West. Similarly, the 67-16 Assembly vote of November 6 urging members to break off diplomatic and trade relations with South Africa was in part an anti-Western vote, opposed mainly by the NATO nations.

Finally, the Russian block-busting tactic of always denying any accusation and countering it by the most fantastic charges suffered a great defeat on this occasion. The Soviet spokesman, Mr. Zorin, is not to be blamed. Never was an official defending his country, not even Adlai Stevenson during the Bay of Pigs fiasco, let down more pitifully than when Khrushchev admitted that he had sent rockets to Cuba.

In this connection something very surprising emerged from the Security Council debate. Not only the nonaligned but many Westerners doubted (in private) whether any Soviet rockets really were in Cuba. Mr. Stevenson's photos did nothing to convince them. They were convinced only by Khrushchev's admission. This is remarkable in the light of many decades of experience with Soviet practice and so many years of effort by Washington to "sell the US abroad." Mr. Stevenson deserves full credit for having skillfully, even if a bit theatrically, pinned down Mr. Zorin. He proved that he is most effective when he speaks the simple language of facts and avoids the pathetic parables that are the scourge of American after-dinner speeches. Unfortunately, Mr. Stevenson seldom speaks this simple language in the UN. Nor is he often so well briefed as he was on the Cuban matter. A UN job is full-time, and its success depends to a great extent on detailed knowledge of each case, the procedure to be followed, and all the tricks of the diplomatic profession. There will be other bitter battles in the UN requiring great skill and solid preparation. Only Americans can believe that such a task can be combined with continual speech-making – one day in San Francisco, the next in Boston, with radio and TV appearances in between.

We know that the UN cannot prevent a danger to peace from arising. Neither can it eliminate that danger. But it can reduce the danger and then help dissipate it. In the last two weeks, we have learned that both those who want to liquidate the world organization and those who would place on its still weak shoulders all the problems of this troubled world, are dangerous fools whose counsel can lead only to catastrophe.

Philip Ben

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Eleanor Roosevelt — *1884-1962*

What we have to do with here is a very fine mind. Its quality is not in a conventional mold, so it can be mistaken for something else: sensitivity, a liberal and generous spirit, woman's intuition. Mrs. Roosevelt has these, certainly, but she also has what these do not normally imply, a penetrating, powerful and persistent realism. *On My Own* [the third volume of her autobiography] has much to do with politics and politicians of course – the United Nations, American foreign policy, the Democratic Party, Adlai Stevenson, Tito, Khrushchev. As she talks of such men and matters, one gradually realizes two important things: Mrs. Roosevelt speaks without rhetoric, and she speaks with precision. . . . In an age hardly able to think for itself, let alone communicate, except in the clichés of organized power, the resources of such a mind ought to be comprehended.

Mrs. Roosevelt's narrative not only of her experiences but of her tactics during her years in the UN is in effect a formulation of the gyroscopic balance between inflated illusion and narrow gamesmanship, a balance implacably demanded of anyone who really wants to be responsible in the largest affairs of our time. In the course of her telling, she succeeds, amazingly, in making of the methods of the UN – that tediously pedantic object of maddeningly loose hopes – something vital. She knows the difference between action and those imitations of action flaunted in the grandiose jargon of our ideology-cursed era: "free world versus slave world," "the principles of freedom," "atheistic Communism," and the like. She simply does not need such rhetoric in order to project her understanding.

As a consequence, Mrs. Roosevelt is the perfect anti-Communist. "I think I should die if I had to live in Soviet Russia," she says, and she knows why. At the same time, she knows that 200 million people do live in Soviet Russia, and 500 million in Red China, and she knows that her reasons for finding Communism deadening are not the reasons several hundred million other people in the world are going to have if – and she knows it is an "if" – they do not give themselves to Communist rule. Mrs. Roosevelt is not bemused by that marvelous egocentricity which imagines that if only the American Way of Life can be "sold" to aspiring millions all will be well. . . . [She] recalls to one's mind the tradition of our best liberal leaders, who knew that politics – not even liberal politics – is not fine ideals, but patient application to things as they are. All else is adolescence – fantasy without responsibility.

The poise and power of Mrs. Roosevelt's mind are fruits of a long struggle for personal identity. And here, it seems to me, one can find her realism united to her experience as a woman.

It has nothing to do with genes, chromosomes, the "eternal woman" or anything constitutional, but with something social and as old as our civilization: the assumption that heroes of abstract thought should be men, with women left to tend the particular. This may someday be felt to have been a tragic split, for it has helped allow men to pervert the powers of abstract imagination into romantic, fanatic political ideologies, and women, excluded from the glorious affairs of abstract principle, to languish in a few realms where politics has not usually invaded – home, boudoir, Sunday school. Mrs. Roosevelt has not escaped such restrictions by learning the tricks of abstract imagination, by becoming, that is, more like a man. Rather, she has extended her own imagination, shaped by her experiences as a woman, into male domains. Despite every reason in her early life to do so, and despite every reason in her middle life to do so, she never lost her sense of being someone different from the patterns expected of her by others. Her father, her parent-less youth, the patterns of New York "society," mother-in-law, children, stricken husband, governor and President – they all dominated her. "I was lost somewhere deep down inside myself," she said, in *This I Remember*, quite objectively, without complaint. Nor did she, in the manner of the "emancipated woman," ever rebel. What she did, over years and years, first in New York City, then in New York State, then in the nation, was to find her identity gradually not in some pattern all her own, but precisely in the process of comprehending other people's patterns.

We are all alerted to the falseness of public images. In Mrs. Roosevelt's case, the answer is that there is no answer. Her pattern is to exhibit in herself how the conflict, complexity and passion of other patterns can be accommodated in the reach of a single mind. The result of her long search for herself appears to be that, in the ordinary sense, she has no self. Instead, she is now freely what she always was, a kind of synthesis provided for others. Visiting a primitive Ettu village in Japan, where the people were doomed to "the lowest and most degrading work," she learned, she says, "how important it is to recognize that there is a bond among all peoples." That is what Mrs. Roosevelt's life has been – the recognition of bond.

Donald Meyer

from his review of On My Own
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What Red China Wants

by Mark Mancall

In 1947 a Chinese professor at Szechwan University assessed the shifting balance in the Chinese civil war and half-seriously remarked, "There will be no Himalayas in a decade or so, and the writ will run, from Moscow and Peking to New Delhi." This was but a variation of Lenin's dictum that, "The road to New York and London lies through Shanghai and Calcutta."

Now after a decade of careful preparations and amidst growing indications that Communist China is preparing to mount a new large propaganda campaign against the United States in Asia, Africa and Latin America, Peking has started along the road to international power by initiating a major invasion of India.

Peking appears to have three major goals: (1) to destroy the prospects of neutrality as a viable political position; (2) to obtain a government in India which, while it might not be Communist-dominated, at least would be responsive to Peking's interests in Central, South and Southeast Asia; (3) to smash India's prestige as a powerful neutral in order to impress on the rest of Asia that China's power proximity in the region is the only salient factor on the political scene. If India is drawn into China's power penumbra, Peking's point will have been made clear. Neither total Chinese occupation of India, which would be impractical, nor the establishment of a Communist regime are essential to these goals. China needs only to demonstrate her basic power. This is what she now is trying to do.

These foreign policy goals are the direct outgrowth of Peking's ideological and political analysis of the roles which the leaders of emergent Asia, particularly Nehru, have played. Since September, 1949, the Chinese Communists have classified all South and Southeast Asian countries, regardless of their particular policies, as "colonies" and "semi-colonies." These include India, Burma, the Philippines, Indonesia and South Korea. Nehru, Thakin Nu, Bao Dai, Sukarno and Hatta have all been lumped together as "the horde of American imperialist running-dogs," "betrayers of their respective nations," "members of the political garbage group in Asia." Here, for instance, is Peking's portrait of Nehru: "As a rebel against the movement of national independence, as a blackguard who undermines the progress of the people's liberation movement, and as a loyal slave of imperialism, Nehru has already been made the substitute of Chiang Kai-shek."

Never understanding India's position within the Commonwealth, Peking assumed that through Britain, which had "become a hireling of American imperialism," India had come under American control: "They hope to use India as their Asian base to resist the new democracies of Asia," said the Shanghai journal *World Culture*. Tibet is the natural barrier to India. They have earmarked Tibet, like Taiwan, as part of their defense system. To preserve their rule over India, they must control Tibet. This is the real purpose of imperialism."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mao Tse-tung sent a message to the Indian Communist Party on October 19, 1949, just a little over two years after India had won her independence, saying, "I firmly believe that relying on the brave Communist Party of India and the unity and struggle of all Indian patriots, India will certainly not remain long under the yoke of imperialism and its collaborators. Like liberated China, free India will one day emerge in the Socialist and People's Democratic family; *that day will end the imperialist reactionary era in the history of mankind.*" (Italics added.)

Indian neutrality was rejected outright by Mao. "To sit on the fence is impossible," he declared. "Neutrality is a camouflage and a third road does not exist." In the struggle for world power, it was clear that the Chinese Communist leadership would allow no quarter to neutralism. The contagion of neutralism, it was feared, would diffuse, corrupt and debilitate the pure ideology and purpose of the revolution. Neutralism had to be exposed as a creed of weakness, identified with an antithetical ideology and marked out for demolition. Neutralism, at any rate, could never exist by itself; its existence was contingent on protection and tolerance by one or the other of the two world systems. Nehru, with his ties to the West, seemed obviously an extension of Western imperialism in Asia. India's mediation between Peking and the United Nations to end the Korean War could only have confirmed Mao's worst suspicions of India's, and Nehru's, pro-Western imperialism.

The Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence or *Panch-Shila*, which formed the preamble to the Sino-Indian treaty on Tibet in 1954, and the principles adopted at the 1955 Bandung Conference, must now, in the hindsight of history, be seen as tactical maneuvers illustrative of the growing sophistication of Chinese policy planning. By moving closer to Asia's neutral powers after the close of the Korean War, China gained a strategic foothold in their councils. At Bandung, Chou

MARK MANCALL *is an instructor in History and Research Fellow in the East Asian Research Center at Harvard University.*

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En-lai impressed the neutral Afro-Asian world in his role as a moderator and conciliator. China's prestige was at an all-time high. That this was only a transient phase rather than a basic reorientation of policy became apparent in 1958. When Nehru offered to mediate that year's crisis over Quemoy and Matsu, he was given no encouragement. China was well able to manage her own interests. A long-standing invitation for Nehru to visit Lhasa was peremptorily cancelled in 1958.

After the quelling by the Chinese of the 1959 Tibetan revolt and as preparations for the rift with India matured, Peking returned to her basic 1949 position *vis-à-vis* India. On June 9, 1962, for instance, the Chinese Foreign Ministry severely attacked India for having voted with Canada against Poland in the International Commission in Vietnam. This, the Chinese claimed, "can only be considered a service rendered to the US aggressors." The same condemnatory view was taken of India's role in the Congo. Two weeks ago, the *People's Daily* of Peking, the official organ of the Chinese Communist Party, published a 10,000 word editorial branding Nehru as a pawn of American imperialism in the campaign against China. Even the non-violent philosophy of Gandhi has been characterized as an insidious means of paralyzing the people's revolutionary movement; the basic weapon of the Indian independence movement and, indeed, of Nehru's policy toward China, becomes playing into the hands of the "aggressive imperialists."

India Stands Pat

Peking thus basically agrees with those Western observers who see India as a countervailing force in Asia and as an alternative model for economic development there. Precisely because of this, Peking, with its vision of China's future, has found India's rival image insupportable. India had to be isolated. Driven by the strong impulses of both Communism and nationalism, she set out to reduce Indian influence. She began with a diplomatic offensive in 1959 aimed at impressing the peripheral states with the new pattern of power relationships in Asia. This offensive resulted in a series of border agreements and treaties of friendship and non-aggression with the peripheral states – Cambodia, Burma, Nepal, Afghanistan and Pakistan. While confirming her traditional boundaries with her neighbors, China in each case obtained a tacit admission of that neighbor's dependence on the power of China to preserve its territorial integrity. Treaties of friendship and non-aggression also inhibited these states from entering into any contracts or alliances which might be interpreted as being directed against China. This inhibitory clause in a treaty between a bloc-nation and a non-bloc unaligned state was a tacit acknowledgment of unequal status. The fact was accepted that such states as Burma and Nepal should formulate their policies mindful of this new reality of Chinese power.

As each country entered into treaty engagements with China, it was reclassified ideologically as "leaning toward the Socialist camp." According to this reclassification India fell, after 1958, into the category of "running dog." This is the crux of the Sino-Indian problem. For India has obstinately refused to be drawn under China's power penumbra in the fashion of Burma or Cambodia. At the Belgrade Conference Nehru decided to be unaligned and defiant, even if it meant "going it alone." To Chinese political analysts, he was therefore a disguised agent for the colonial powers at the Conference, who deliberately confused issues by raising the question of war and peace.

But China in Tibet was militarily astride a 2,400 mile common frontier with India. India was no longer in a position to defend that frontier. Did Nehru not realize that his posture of neutrality and independence had lost its meaning? The Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs repeatedly sought to press this fact on him. In a letter dated March 1, 1962, Peking wrote to Delhi: "No force will emerge that can alter the geographical proximity of India and China."

After setting up Burma and Nepal as models to follow, Peking began to probe the weakest spot in India's psychological armor. This was her long-standing argument with Pakistan over Kashmir. The Chinese brought to bear all the skill and resources of their ancient diplomacy on a situation which had long bedeviled the subcontinent. They sought a decisive role in the Kashmir dispute. On May 16, 1959, the Chinese Ambassador in New Delhi sharply warned the Indian Foreign Secretary that India was in danger of facing two hostile fronts. And indeed, it was apparent by then that Pakistan was responding to the proximity of Chinese power. While keeping her alliances with the West, Pakistan courted China. The dialogue between Peking and Karachi was protracted to allow the implications of this new relationship to register on Delhi. Then on May 3, 1962, China and Pakistan announced in a joint communique that their two governments had agreed "to locate and align their common border."

India has consistently held that her frontier with China is a traditional boundary along natural geographic features, which has the support of custom and treaty. The Chinese reply that the McMahon Line sector of the Sino-Indian frontier is objectionable because it was the creation of British imperialists. What is interesting is that Peking nevertheless accepted this line in its boundary agreement with Burma. Furthermore, the Sino-Burmese agreement implicitly admitted that official Chinese maps had been wrong and had unwarrantedly incorporated an

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area of about 25,000 square miles of Burmese territory in China. Yet Peking will not concede that its maps of the Sino-Indian frontier may also be in error. In the case of Nepal, the traditional watershed boundary was not only agreed to by China, but, in certain sectors, was revised in Nepal's favor.

This paradox of China's accepting the McMahon Line with Burma and rejecting it as the Indian boundary can only be explained by China's ultimate political intentions toward India.

China's power in Tibet has long cast its shadow on India's independence. This, at least, is the implication that can be drawn from the course of Sino-Indian relations since 1949. Delhi's recognition of the Communist government in Peking on December 30, 1949, was essentially a practical response to a *fait accompli*. India faced serious problems; it was in no position to deal with China except through the accepted instruments of diplomacy. The question of Tibet was most urgent. The new regime in Peking had already announced that it was the "sacred task of the People's Liberation Army to liberate the territory and people of Tibet." India's important interests in and historical ties to Tibet led her to urge China to avoid the use of force. She warned Peking as early as August 24, 1950, that the "recognized boundary between India and Tibet should remain inviolate." Nevertheless, China mounted an invasion of Tibet on October 7, 1950, an invasion as much directed at India as at the "liberation" of Tibet.

At the same time the Chinese, who were on the verge of entering the Korean War, assured Nehru that there was no territorial dispute with India and that China sought only to safeguard India's interests in Tibet. In the better climate of opinion which followed China's many assurances, India entered into negotiations with Peking which resulted in the signing on April 29, 1954, of a Sino-Indian agreement on trade and intercourse between India and the Tibetan region of China. This treaty "settled all outstanding problems left over by history between India and China over Tibet." India relinquished her considerable interests, rights and privileges in Tibet, which she had inherited from earlier treaties and agreements between Britain, China and Tibet, and, in return, received the assurances of the Five Principles.

Despite minor irritations, Nehru continued to believe that the 1954 settlement was final. Chou En-lai assured him that Chinese maps published by the Communists which showed large segments of Indian territory as Chinese were "pre-liberation" maps which they had not had time to correct. In 1956, Chou told Nehru that although he did not approve of the name, he had agreed to accept the McMahon Line frontier with Burma and proposed to do likewise with India. The years between 1953 and 1958 were a euphoric period in Sino-Indian relations. The Chinese continued to reassure India; there was no mention of any border dispute except over Barahoti, which the two states had decided to settle by negotiation.

By 1958, however, Peking had made up its mind to insulate Tibet from Indian influence and to draw Tibet into the pattern of Chinese development. It had become obvious that closer integration of Tibet with the "motherland" required that reform and reorganization should no longer be postponed. China was poised to use armed force in the face of the expected Tibetan revolt. By March, 1959, Tibet's token resistance to the Chinese invasion was overcome and the Dalai Lama's government was in exile.

Now Peking was prepared to address itself directly to India. In crushing the Tibetan revolt China had directed violent attacks at India. Kalimpong, in India, the Chinese alleged, had served as the command center for the Tibetan rebels. The rebellion, according to the Chinese, had been carried out in collusion with the American imperialists and the Chiang Kai-shek clique. There was talk of reactionary Indians harboring expansionist designs on Tibet. Maps which had previously been taken to be erroneous or inconsequential now became authentic records of Chinese terri-

Puppet Show

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torial claims on India; they provided irrefutable evidence of wanton Indian intrusions into Chinese territory. Having lulled India into a sense of security, China now threatened that security. Though Peking created the illusion that its new moves were a direct result of the Tibetan revolt, it is clear today that this revolt provided the pretext for China to start her border dispute with India.

Sometime in 1957-1958, Chinese troops had unobtrusively entered a corner of Ladakh and cleared a road from Sinkiang to Rudok in Western Tibet. Nehru responded by trying to reestablish the status-quo. His offer to make minor frontier adjustments was ignored. In 1959 China put the entire 2,400-mile frontier in question by suggesting a 20-kilometer withdrawal by each side along the line of actual control. Nehru countered with an offer of a demilitarized zone in Ladakh, which the Chinese rejected. The report of a joint Sino-Indian commission set up to examine the respective claims of the two sides on the basis of historical and documentary evidence was brushed aside by the Chinese when it was published in 1961. China had already increased her military pressure in Ladakh and constructed a number of strong outposts and roads to carry supplies to them. On October 20, 1962, when these preparations were completed, Peking launched its massive attacks on Indian border posts in Ladakh and the Northeast.

Border Dispute?

Chou En-lai still claims that China and India are involved only in a border dispute. The magnitude of the present invasion gives the lie to this. China, with a comparatively minimal investment of men and material, is forcing India to choose. In effect, Peking has offered New Delhi security in exchange for amenability. India's frontiers and, hence, her national survival can be secure only if she acquiesces to China's power proximity and its implications for Indian policy, both internal and foreign. China's apparent drive toward the Brahmaputra valley and the plains of Assam seems meant to give China a commanding position in the heavily settled Indian plains.

Peking may have calculated that invasion would exacerbate the divisions in Indian society, the linguistic and regional differences and the class conflict that Marxist China sees in India, thus contributing to Nehru's downfall. The national response to the invasion, however, suggests that China may have guessed wrong. Nevertheless, the Indian Government is faced with some portentous decisions.

China is a formidable military power. Responsible estimates indicate that Peking has a standing army of 2.5 million and an air force of 100,000 men with 3,000 aircraft. These include IL-28's and MIG-21's, armed with air-to-air missiles. Against this array of force, India has a standing army of only 400,000 to 500,000 with a trained reserve of 20,000. Her air force, which is strong in fighter aircraft – Hunters and Gnats – is not equipped with modern weapons such as air-to-air missiles. Furthermore, it is believed that the Soviet Union has given extensive aid to the Chinese in building air fields, early warning radar systems and ground-to-air missiles. Although China is using only a small proportion of her forces, her ability to deploy her strength effectively in the Himalayan region gives her a significant advantage over India.

India will have to put through a crash program of training officers and men, preferably under 30, in intensive mountain warfare. She will require extensive supplies of special clothing, weapons and other equipment. Equally, India must devise a counter-strategy appropriate to the Himalayan terrain and the tactical methods available to the enemy, and prepare herself for a long war of attrition.

An increased investment in military defense will be very hard on the economy. India's Third-Five Year Plan has already run into difficulties. Her gross national product has been growing at the rate of 2.2 percent against an annual population rise of 2.5 percent. Until this year, the government has been emphasizing economic development at the expense of military defense. One wonders how much foreign aid from the West could contribute to softening this unexpected economic blow.

The failure of the Soviet Union to support Nehru and, indeed, the indications that it would be forced to support China in the event of a real showdown has also cut the ground from under one of Nehru's basic premises in foreign policy planning. Pakistan's announcement that an imbalance created in the military equilibrium with India through extensive foreign military aid would be considered an unfriendly act further compounds India's difficulties.

The outlook, in short, is pessimistic. If India is forced to buy security from China at the cost of its independent neutral policy, China will have achieved a major victory in Asia. If she is forced to buy security by developing even closer economic and military relations with Britain and the United States, China will remain her implacable enemy and India will have to remain in a state of permanent military readiness, with grave economic consequences. A solution will be found, if there is one, only through the most delicate political maneuvering. India may have to rely primarily on her own material resources in what is, and should be, a war of national, not international, resistance.

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What to Do with a Book

by Louis J. Halle

A well-trained mind should, by dint of concentration, be able to read a book of serious thought at the rate of 25 to 30 pages an hour. (I could do almost as much myself if my reading did not come at the fag-end of the day.) Thirty pages an hour would be 600 pages in 20 hours. Scholarly books are commonly this long.

The question arises: what is the book to which busy people (*i.e.*, all of us) are willing to give 20 hours? Put another way: who in these jostling times ever spends 20 hours on one book?

It might have been expected that, as the leisure of serious readers has disappeared in modern times, books would have become shorter, their contents more compressed. If anything, however, they have become longer. Spengler's *Decline of the West*, first published in 1918, runs to 935 pages. Toynbee's *Study of History*, the twelfth volume of which appeared in 1961, totals around seven thousand.

Who are the readers who give up some 250 hours of their lives to this one book? Virtually no one, we may be sure. Most of the scholarly big-wigs and important intellectuals who say that of course they have read this author or that, and then proceed to criticize him, keep a guilty secret, a secret which is the same for all, but which each hides from the others (and sometimes even from himself). When one of them says that of course he has read Puffinowsky or Blowovich one can generally be sure that what he actually did was to ruffle the pages and browse a bit among them, looking at the preface, the opening lines, the last chapter, and some stuff in between. If anyone could take the time really to read Puffinowsky or Blowovich he would find that his book did not, in fact, say quite what everyone thought it did. (I had an aunt who could never keep even her own secrets, and who used to observe that she did not need to read books at all, really, because the reviews told her what was in them.)

A well known book columnist, now no more, told me he knew of no book that required more than two hours to read. I asked him if that applied to Spengler – which, at the time, I had been reading for several months. He said it applied to Spengler and anyone else I could name.

One reason why books have got longer as readers have had less time is that writers, too, have had less time. This is the paradox of the man who, at the end of a long letter, asked his correspondent to excuse him, saying he had no time to write a short one.

I have, myself, proved the paradox. Until a year ago, I devoted a number of years to the almost incessant labor of formulating a philosophy that had been gestating in the darkness of my mind ever since it had been capable of thought. In the course of this labor my text became increasingly voluminous, crowded with learned digressions to bring in ancillary and supporting material, ever more abounding in demonstrations and examples. At its height, I suppose it would have run to a volume of at least 600 pages.

I can now admit the truth, which is that some corrupting devil in me liked the prospect of producing so much sheer physical weight, with all the appearance of overwhelming intellectual achievement and encyclopaedic learning that such a heavy volume would have. But my better angel at last got the upper hand. This work must have no dross of pretence or pretentiousness in it, but must be as simple, as clear, and

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as straightforward as literary skill could make it. What was essential was that every intelligent reader be able to read it and grasp its meaning. So I put all aside and began afresh, determined this time to distill the thought to the utmost, to set forth the philosophy in a pure and concentrated form, using the fewest possible words, working over every sentence until it said just what I meant and nothing else. No poet ever worked more carefully over a sonnet. This final labor cost me an additional year, at a rate of four to five days a week. When it was over I had boiled down my vast quantity of material to about a hundred pages; and I had worked over the composition so long that I could have recited almost any sentence from memory. The product of this labor approached, at least, the ideal of a watch, in which every part is precisely articulated with every other part. I even omitted from the "Text" itself (Part I) supporting material which any really critical reader would demand, relegating it to a second hundred pages or so (Part II) under the rubric "Amplifications." The whole thing, as published by the Princeton University Press, came to 224 pages. I had taken the time to write a short book. (Might not Dr. Toynbee, given more time, have done the same with his twelve volumes? Mr. Somervell later did it for him.)

All through these years of writing I was not unmindful of the ordinary reader's necessary hurry and the carelessness with which he reads. I persuaded myself, in the end, that I had solved the problem which this posed by my compression. It was the reader whom I was sparing. In no more time than it might have taken him to gallop through six-or-eight hundred pages he could read my 200-plus word-for-word.

It is obvious to me now, what I should have known at the time, that this kind of reasoning had nothing to do with reality. The reader who reads 600 pages in 120 minutes will read 200 in 40. He skips through a book from habit, no longer knowing how really to read it. (A first-rate scholar of my acquaintance read the end first, then some of the middle chapters; having done so, he told me, he was looking forward to the beginning.) Moreover, by dividing my book into two parts as I had done I exempted the reader from reading more than the first half, essential as the second half was.

One can skip better with some books than with others. A book based on an idea already familiar to the reader, which illustrates and supports it by a stream of anecdotes, citations, and familiar examples, hardly needs to be read verbatim. This is also true of a book in which each chapter is complete in itself, related to the others only by a common theme. The case is different where the book is like a piece of architecture, its meaning in the whole rather than the parts, and every part essential to the whole.

I am now addressing myself to the writer's problem, faced with his readers. When an artist paints a canvas, his composition can be seen as a whole at one glance; but this is not possible with a literary composition, in which the parts must be presented successively and successively left behind, so that the reader is required to retain them in his memory until at last his memory has received and his imagination has reconstructed the whole. The more careless reading becomes, the more the writer has to repeat his points, for the point the reader missed the first half-dozen times it was made he may happen to get the seventh time. It is not so much that long books require rapid reading as that rapid reading requires long books. (This can produce a vicious spiral.) Today I would have difficulty justifying my feat in writing a short book to set forth an entire philosophy.

A frustration from which the truly conscientious members of any large orchestra suffer is that refinements of individual execution will go unheard. (The story is told, to illustrate the conscientiousness of Marcel Moyse when he was a flutist with the Opéra Comique, that in a *tutti* orchestral passage at the end of the fourth act of *Carmen* he always played the notes as written, even though they were extraordinarily difficult and could be heard only by himself.) Likewise, careful writing is wasted on careless readers, and this may account for the declining concern with style in our time.

My own experience with most reviewers, pro and con, and with those who have written me directly pro or con, fits the parable of the five blind men and the elephant. The elephant was meaningless except in its entirety, so that the blind men who, getting hold of tail or leg, said the beast was very like a rope or very like a tree, did not achieve even a partial truth.

I could cite reviews of my book that give diametrically opposed accounts of the philosophy it sets forth, the reviewers having got hold of different parts. One, for example, said it was "platonism," while another called it "nominalism" (which is anti-platonic).

This introduces another characteristic of any reader's psychology (present company not excepted). He is likely to miss what is unfamiliar in the text, to recognize and store in his memory only what is familiar; or, to save himself from being at sea, he interprets the unfamiliar to make it fit the familiar. He manages to recognize "platonism" on page ten, or "nominalism" on page 50, and immediately he feels like a swimmer who reaches a familiar shore. In the case of a book that sets forth a philosophy, this automatic selectivity is more likely to operate on the reader whose mind has been fixed by professional training in philosophy than on the untrained reader, so that one may generally look for a more understanding response from a first-rate mind that has not been shaped to the nominal categories of the profession than from a professionalized mind.

The interpretative forcing of a book's contents into familiar molds often obviates the possibility of understanding in still another sense. There is the fallacy of identifying an idea with a nominal category and then criticizing the category. In political debate a man may advance an argument which, rather than being considered on its own merits, is immediately identified with "radicalism" or "conservatism" or "colonialism" or some other ism. The author's whole thought, and the author himself, are then identified with the category and praised or damned accordingly. The reader whose mind makes a connection on page sixteen (recognizing, say, "individualism") may also have the reaction: but this is what I and my school are against! When this happens, arousing his antagonism, it may be impossible for him to understand anything that follows, or even really to read further. His mind has snapped shut. He may force himself to skip

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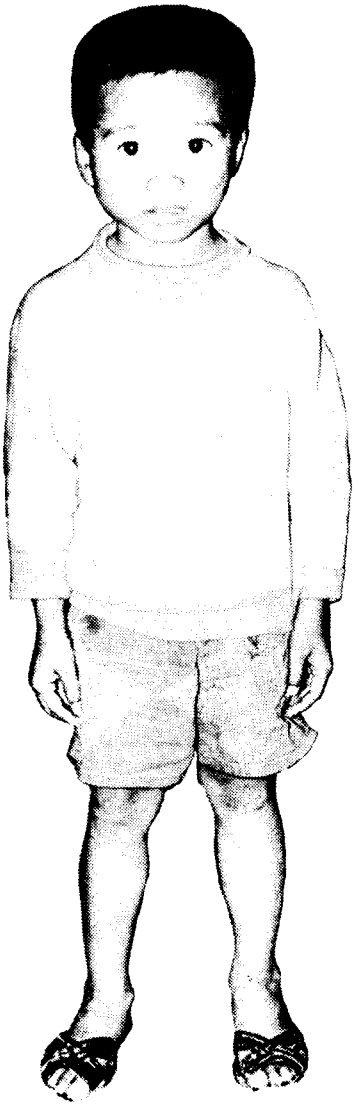
through the rest of the book, looking for points on which to attack it; but any constructive relation between writer and reader has, at this point, been wrecked. Again, this is most likely to happen where the reader is a professional in the field, with fixed responses to fixed categories.

It is likeliest to happen if the reader thinks of himself as an insider, professionally orthodox and part of a professional establishment, while he looks on the author as an outsider. I cherish the perfect example of this in a review of my book by a professor of philosophy. In his opening paragraph he writes that, while few professional philosophers follow Plato, "many thinkers in other fields . . . do attempt to apply his thought." Having thus established an initial distinction between insiders and outsiders, he follows with the statement that I am a follower of Plato who has "attempted to apply [platonism] to the facts of political life, oddly enough without considering that Plato himself did so in two of his longest dialogues: *The Republic* and *The Laws*." Thus, in a few lines, the reviewer has established the fact that he is an insider while the author is not an outsider but a remarkably ignorant one as well. The rest of the review, based on the false premise that the author was attempting to apply Plato's philosophy to politics, shows how far the author went astray in this attempt. Where the reviewer comes on a passage that clearly does not represent platonism, he says of the author: "Here it would seem he turns against Plato unwittingly. . . ."

This illustrates another common characteristic of reviews. Many reviewers, when dealing with a work to which they are unsympathetic, cannot believe that the author might be conscientious, honest, and not altogether a fool – even if wrong. Is not this the greatest of all faults in reviewing, this lack of a proper respect for the author? In the first of the papers called *The Federalist*, Alexander Hamilton wrote: "I am well aware that it would be disingenuous to resolve indiscriminately the opposition of any set of men . . . into interested or ambitious views. Candor will oblige us to admit that even such men may be actuated by upright intentions. . . . So numerous indeed and so powerful are the causes which serve to give a false



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Chu Kin Wah, Chinese in Hong Kong, age 7. One of six children. Parents refugees from communist China. Father vegetable hawker. Earns approximately $24.50 per month. Family lives in leaky shack on hillside. Measures 11' x 12'. Only furniture 1 board bed, 1 small table, tin box for clothes and few stools. Children undernourished, sad. Parents cannot afford school fees. They look with despair on children whom they cannot support. Help to Kin Wah means help to entire family. Aid urgent.

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bias to the judgment, that we, upon many occasions, see wise and good men on the wrong as well as on the right side of questions of the first magnitude to society." In a letter to the English monthly *Encounter* (issue of October, 1962), Herbert Feis observed that a review of his latest book, *Japan Subdued*, "left certain perplexing questions in my mind. . . ." First, "Why does not [the reviewer] give me the benefit of some small margin of doubt, of hesitation, before passing sentence? He explains those opinions that are not to his liking as primarily 'due to an anxious wish to sustain what may be regarded as the official American thesis on the atomic bombing'. Did it not occur to him that I may have reached such conclusions as are ventured in the book primarily because they seemed to be the correct ones after study and reflection on all the facts and circumstances?" Dr. Feis' implicit rebuke would apply to an appreciable proportion of all reviewers, who find it difficult to believe in the intellectual and moral conscientiousness of those whose views are not their own. The fault is particularly reprehensible when it represents a hurried glibness in judging what is the product of long intellectual care.

Still, the occasions are many when a reviewer is justified in expressing this kind of contempt of an author, since intellectually meretricious books abound. There is no justification for doing so, however, in the case of a man like Dr. Feis, and (since the issue is one of conscientiousness) I do not hesitate to deny any justification for doing so in my own case.

In any particular instance one must hesitate to say that a reviewer has failed to read important parts of the book he reviews. However, as Thoreau put it, "some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk." When a reviewer writes that an author "is, of course, as are all modern men, a nominalist," one may suspect that he missed the pages in which the author explains why he is opposed to nominalism. When he mentions as having been overlooked points to which whole chapters were devoted one may suspect that he overleaped those chapters in his reading.

One should not be too hard on reviewers, however, where the matter is philosophy. I have letters from men whose minds I utterly respect and who are altogether sympathetic to me raising questions about my book that are explicitly answered in the text. A writer's initial disposition is to conclude, in such a case, that he did not express himself clearly, but the difficulty does not necessarily lie there.

The difficulty, I think, is intrinsic to the exposition of any systematic philosophy that is not old and familiar. At best, such an exposition must make excessive demands on the reader. The reader of my two hundred and twenty-four pages has to store in his memory, as he goes along, all the parts of the elephant: a series of cumulative points and arguments that are not always easy to grasp on first reading, let alone to retain. And he has to put them all together in his memory, at last, in order to see the whole elephant. The truth is that a work of philosophy, in the largest sense, cannot just be read. It has to be studied, the more so if it is unfamiliar. (The unfamiliarity, however, is hidden from the reader who recognizes only what is familiar. Anyone may observe how reviewers generally cite only those points in a book that are commonplace, appearing oblivious of everything else and sometimes concluding, therefore, that the book represents no original thought.)

This appears to pose a virtually insoluble problem, for if there are few who will really read any serious book there are fewer to study it. Yet men do write philosophies (many of them virtually unreadable), and their philosophies do become known.

What is the explanation?

It is, I think, that in every case individuals, falling into the role of disciples, have studied and mastered the author's work, and then have communicated it or even popularized it in secondary works of their own. The fewest of us are able to read, say, Hegel, nor do we have the time, but professional students of Hegel have mastered his works and then written books on them; and their books in turn have provided a basis for those chapters on Hegel in histories of philosophy to which most of us owe our acquaintance with his thought. Much is lost in this filtering-down process, just as much has been lost between the original formulation of Einstein's theories of relativity and their reception within the bounds of my limited understanding. It is of the essence of cultural evolution, however,

A *Dream Song*

Our wounds to time, from all the other times,
sea-times slow, the times of galaxies
fleeing, the dwarfs' dead times,
lessen so little that if here in his crude rimes
Henry them mentions, do not hold it, please,
for a putting of man down.

Ol' Marster, being bound you do your best
versus we coons, spare now a cagey John
a whilom bits that whip:
who'll tell your fortune, when you have confessed
whose & whose woundings – against the innocent stars
& remorseless seas –

– Are you radioactive, pal? – Pal, radioactive.
– Has you the night sweats & the day sweats, pal?
– Pal, I do.
– Did your gal leave you? – What do *you* think, pal?
– Is that thing on the front of your head what it seems
to be, pal?
– Yes, pal.

JOHN BERRYMAN

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that cumulative knowledge and thought is gradually shaken down and compressed in this fashion.

I have been fascinated to watch this very process at work today on the philosophy of the French Jesuit, Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, who died in 1955. Father Teilhard, a distinguished paleontologist, died without having been allowed by the Church to publish his philosophy, which was unorthodox. His scientific work had made him friends, however, and upon his death a highly organized movement for the publication and propagation of his philosophical works was set afoot. The first to be published, and the greatest, a work which sums up the whole, was *Le Phénomène humain*. It was published in Paris immediately after his death "under the High Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen Marie-José and under the patronage I. of a Scientific Committee and II. a General Committee." The Scientific Committee consisted of 32 persons, including some of the most distinguished natural scientists in the world. Under "General Committee," 27 names are listed, including such as André Malraux and André Siegfried. In 1959, an English translation, with an Introduction by Sir Julian Huxley, was published in New York and London as *The Phenomenon of Man*. The other works have been appearing in series, and their English translations are now slated to appear.

I can testify that all this organized support is eminently deserved, having spent the past summer reading *Le Phénomène humain* and annotating almost every page. (Unless one takes notes and then reviews them, how can one hold everything in memory?) It is immense in its vision, perhaps the greatest contribution of our time to thought about the destiny of man and the universe. It has, however, the quality of the unfamiliar, and although its basic idea is so simple that it could be set forth in less than a page, its 348 pages are not altogether easy reading.

Without influential sponsorship the original manuscript would hardly have found a publisher; if it had found a publisher it would hardly have found readers; and if it had been reviewed the reviewers would not have seen the need to spend much time on it. (Few of them would have been able to take a summer to it, as this professor, with his academic vacation-schedule, was able to do.) By means of the powerful sponsorship it had, however, it was put into orbit, and it now appears to be established in the intellectual firmament. I doubt that many people have actually read *Le Phénomène humain*. More, surely, have read such easier books as Claude Tresmontant's *Introduction à la pensée de Teilhard de Chardin*. Still more have read reviews in learned journals and elsewhere, so that they can talk familiarly of Teilhard's philosophy. It filters down, and young scholars quickly catch on to the fact that to cite it is all the rage. In any big French-language bookstore today (and it will probably come to be the case in the Anglo-Saxon world as well), the shelf containing the works of Teilhard is not as long, any more, as the shelf containing books of biography and exegesis. This is eminently satisfactory, but it did not happen spontaneously.

I suspect that the difficulty of obtaining a responsible hearing today is quite different, but not necessarily greater, than in earlier times. A Spinoza or a Hobbes had difficulties that they would be less likely to have today (although Teilhard experienced some of them), but they did not have to make their appeal to men who simply did not have the time for serious and extended reading. And when they published a book it was not merely one out of fifteen or twenty published in the same town that same day. They did not face those conditions of overwhelming mass-competition that put whatever is hard going at a disadvantage.

One wonders whether, in the circumstances of our day, work of permanent value is not simply lost forever because it cannot gain an initial recognition. All reason favors the view that this is so. Yet an irrational imp in me tells me that, despite the superficial plausibility of Gresham's Law and all its variants, nothing that has the value of a classic is ever permanently lost. (Melville's *Moby Dick* was lost for a couple of generations, and there have been many other cases.) If this is so, then nothing that is permanently lost could have had that value, I allow myself to believe, here, what by its nature can never be proved.

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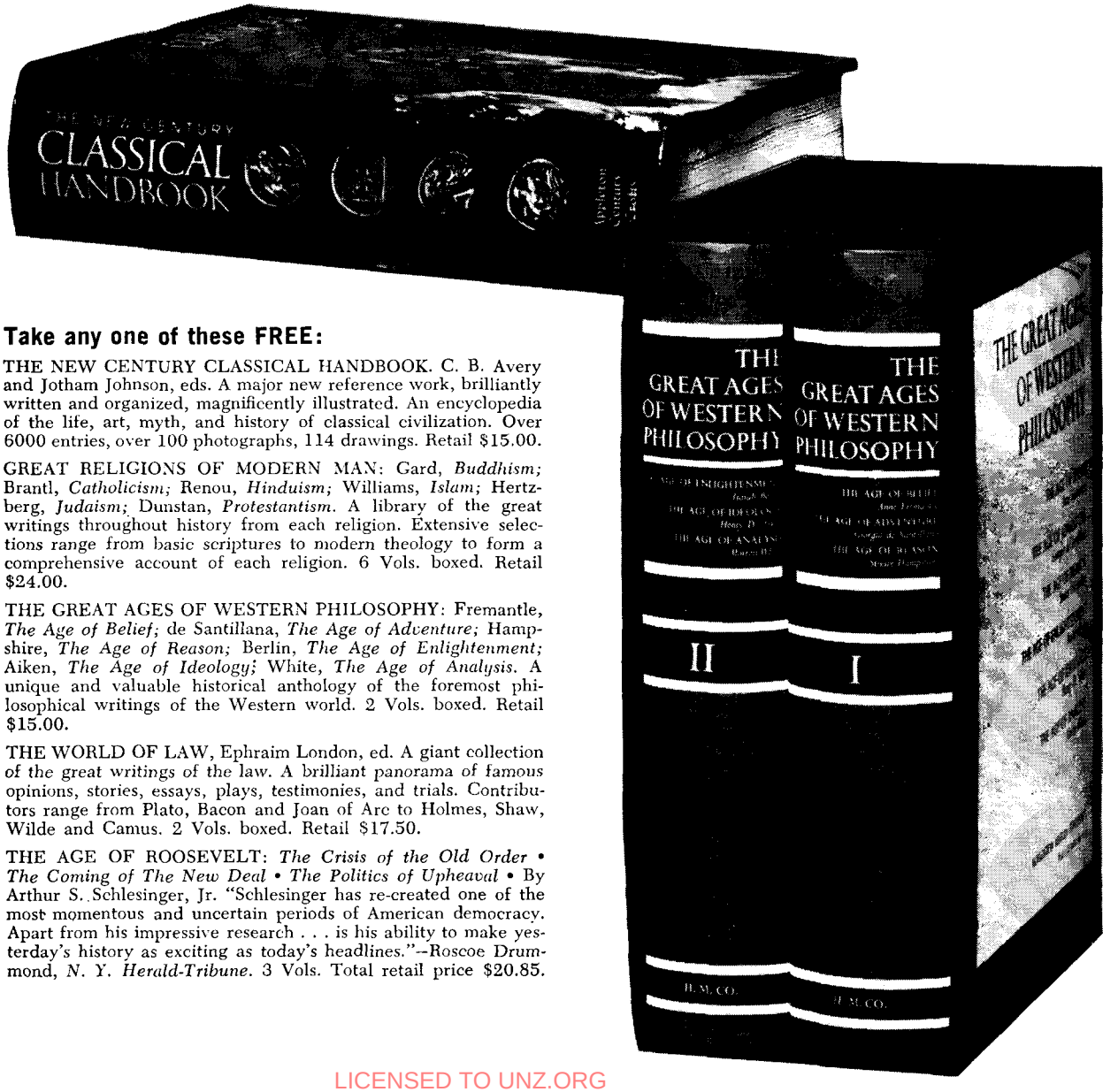

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Happiness and the Pursuit of Leisure

by Francis Biddle

The reason that August Heckscher's description of modern American culture is so devastating is that he accepts this world as it is – the restless consumers' world of mass production – as an unalterable condition, and concludes that there is little likelihood "that we shall be able to extricate ourselves from a descending spiral of ugliness and irrationality." It is no longer possible to restore the world that existed before mass production. That world is forever lost. Heckscher, (the President's Special Consultant on the Arts), offers no Utopia; he has no solution. He does not suggest going back to the home, or calling on the churches, or a return to the horse and buggy days. But he does believe that man can come to terms with his environment, and even enjoy life, if he will accept its paradoxes, as did the Elizabethans, with a mood of skepticism and irony. We must seek the "public happiness" which has largely disappeared.

The Public Happiness
by August Heckscher
(Atheneum; $5.75)

Fifty years ago, Henry Adams and H. G. Wells were uneasy about the depth and swiftness of change; today innovation menaces the basic concept of the community. The family is no longer a world of its own with a quality of intimacy to be shared. The mother acts "as a chauffeur for her offspring . . . bent with unsmiling determination upon uniting the children with their so-called age-groups." The city's public places, where men once met, and talked, and loafed, have been destroyed. Suburbia is a place of women and of homes into which the women never quite withdraw or from which they never altogether emerge. There are no men in suburbia, except when they come home at night to be refreshed, after fighting the traffic, by the television which, meeting the mass test, tries to make life look more comfortable and soft, or more sensational and violent. Men are reduced to abstractions or to uniformity as they move listlessly as part of the unindividualized mass. And men have lost their relation to things. In a simpler society the thing a man possessed became psychologically a part of him, the object enriched the man. In Shakespeare's play when Antony disarms before taking his life, his shield and sword, no longer a part of him, become unrelated and impersonal. The worker today is removed from the material which is being shaped; and at the end the handling of the finished product is taken over by lift and conveyor. "Objects have lost their edge," and have largely become symbols of status.

The world, in Cardinal Newman's phrase, "comes and goes like a show." And the result is boredom – not involuntary but contrived, as man sits in a whirlwind of distractions, indifferent and untroubled – and turns up the music louder in search of new sensations.

In such a life leisure is pursued rather than tasted. The aim of the consumer is to make leisure constantly more active, in order to supply more money so as to buy more gadgets, destined for a household "full of the paraphernalia of leisure without the time or the energy to make use of them." Leisure is no longer that part of a man's life which was most completely his own. The doctrine of work for its own sake came with the Reformation, was sanctified in our Puritan inheritance, and coupled with the ideals of the industrial revolution. Idleness becomes evil, and free time must be filled with the hobbies of work transferred from the shop to the house. So 20th-Century man, instead of being "wild and disrespectful" (as befits the individual if he is to be free from the mass), and "viewing his civilization with laughter," takes it seriously; and in a dark suit with an apprehensive look, sets forth to perform his job of producing "frivolous and unnecessary objects." No wonder there is a pervasive sense of futility.

I have described, largely in his own language, Mr. Heckscher's picture of contemporary American society. Distrusting Utopian rationalism, he does not, I am glad to say, offer a solution. Rather he suggests a mood of approach, and discusses what the government can do, particularly in the cities, and what it must avoid, especially where its relation to art is concerned. I have already indicated the mood. It should accept the world as it is, and respond to leisure as it should be – personal and spontaneous. We have entertainment and distraction, but we have lost the sense of play, which is at the heart of a leisure society, for life is a kind of game. The search for comfort is self-defeating, since there is always a pea under the princess' bed.

By "public happiness" Mr. Heckscher means those satisfactions that come from the community effort, not merely in the public service, the sharing of one's life with others beyond the narrow boundaries of the ego. I remember Chief Justice Hughes telling me, when as Attorney General I went to pay my respects to him the day after he resigned, that his contemporaries at the New York bar, after they had achieved everything that private practice could offer, began to look around for something else – something that was less lonely than success. For most men who have enjoyed public work, with its sense of doing things for a common end, returning to private work seems intolerable – at least for a while.

Our twin idols of popularity and success, Heckscher continues, our education for success rather than to exercise power – as Walter Lippmann has written; the emphasis on technical training, particularly by those who want economics and political science used to fight heresies in place of a liberal education – these habits of mind stand in the way of any true public happiness. But the individual can step out of "the whole prison house of immediate preoccupations," and save himself from being drowned in emptiness or lost amid shadows.

More specifically Mr. Heckscher discusses the role of government. If the government can contribute to the security and welfare of a citizen, why can it not minister to the needs of his spirit, to the backing of all forms of art – not by attempting to control them, or use them as propaganda to further the more material ends of the State, but by encouraging them to keep alive and free? The idea that institutions of art can be self-supporting is false. Art is individ-

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ual; politics must by its nature deal with the mass, and encourage art to interpret for the individual the inner meaning of the external world. The State can stand above society, and in memorable periods of a country's life, can be the great critic, shaper, judge, setting "patterns and the style of the common life." Then the political leader, along with the poet and the artist, becomes the shaper of his time. But today the modern state plays the part of a giant supermarket, and seems "like a man who considers that his health must be excellent because his doctor's bills are so high." But living does not end with housekeeping, and we must look beyond the automation of the welfare state. (Henry Luce had the same thing in mind when, at a dinner in 1954 celebrating the fortieth anniversary of *The New Republic*, he read a striking paper suggesting that now, since on the whole we have almost conquered the problems of poverty, it was time to set our sights to creating for our people things to feed the spirit of man as well).

Concretely Heckscher defines the part that government can play in the construction of public "works." No one has said that government must be concerned only with collecting garbage and building sewers. We are entering now on an idea of vast public building, and must be ready to undertake public works on a grand scale.The government now calls on the best architects in the country to build embassies abroad – but not in the United States, as if the American people were too backward to appreciate beautiful buildings. Should not the offices of the Federal government – the new House Office Building, for instance – be at least as distinguished as the American Embassy in Oslo? There need be no glorious quest to give new direction to the State, but a planned attempt to bring coherence to our civilization. This implies not only a harmonious external order, but conforming to the people's intrinsic sense of what is good. Contact with natural environment must be resolved. Works which are truly public should comprise those things which make for neighborliness and the sense of roots, and give us a sense of peace.

We must consider particularly the organization of space, remembering that the spaces between things can be as important as the things themselves. Modern architecture has learned to handle space, which in its hands seems almost palpable, so that it can be enclosed or bounded, kept fluid, and made "a substance under control." Space can be created that would make walking in the city a pleasure.

Every true place has its own identity, with a spirit of its own. Before long a city like New York will be considered an incongruity, and the streets will once more be for people and not for vehicles. The spirit of the national parks is being destroyed by the idea that they should be made fully available to the mobile population. This could be overcome by permitting access to a limited number of visitors at a time.

"Politics," Heckscher concludes, "provides the link between this outer and inner world . . . the way men externalize their desires and feelings, and through the ordering of outward things bring order into their own souls."

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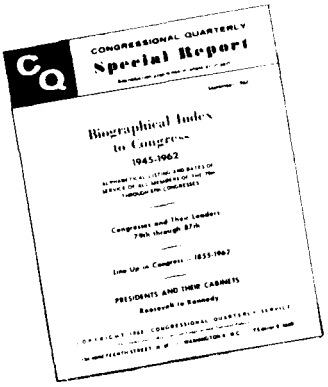

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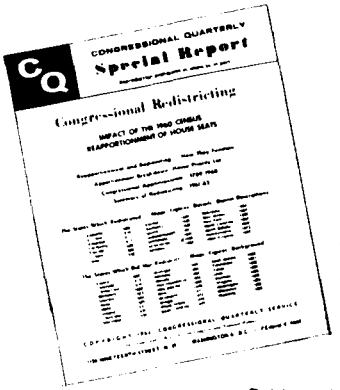

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The Voyage that Never Ends

by J. M. Edelstein

For years Malcolm Lowry's *Ultramarine* has remained a bibliographical nicety, a collector's item, and a book one has heard of but has seldom seen or read. It was part of literary lore that *Ultramarine*, Lowry's first book, was written when he was a very young man, was almost entirely autobiographical, the story based on a journal he kept on his first voyage at the age of eighteen as mess boy on a freighter out of Liverpool, through the Suez, to the ports of Asia, and that during his lifetime he revised it continually. Published in England in 1933, *Ultramarine* has now been published for the first time in the United States, thanks to the industry of Lowry's friends, in particular Professor Earl Birney of the University of British Columbia, and to the devotion of his widow.

Ultramarine
by Malcolm Lowry
(Lippincott; $4.95)
Selected Poems of Malcolm Lowry
(City Lights; $1.50)

Ultramarine is an interesting book, of course, and it shows traces of the brilliance and the power which Malcolm Lowry possessed and which he used to create his masterpiece, *Under the Volcano;* and it has hints, as well, of the style and of the material which were to recur in the later books, but it is a weak book in most other respects, with all of the burdens of the first novel. It is "very much a young man's book," the real theme of which "is the necessity of the boy, Dana Hilliot, to prove himself as a man among men."

Until now, *Ultramarine* had received little critical attention, and it probably deserved no more. The disclaimers of his friends and of other admirers to the contrary, I suspect that the wild and driven creature who was Malcolm Lowry and who lived his whole life, seemingly, as if "to prove himself as a man among other men" would not have been satisfied even with this new edition. I suspect, also, that the lifetime of revising which Lowry piled on *Ultramarine,* and about which Margerie Lowry, his widow, makes much in her introductory note, was, essentially, Lowry's way of holding on to a disintegrating past and to some of the themes – "including the obsession with the sea and the fatal attraction to drink" – which "developed and deepened in the later books."

I have owned a copy of the original English edition of *Ultramarine* for many years, and comparison of it with the new American edition shows that the changes and the revisions are quite insignificant. There is a tightening up and a cleaning up of some of the language; an anecdote is shortened here or lengthened there; the name of the ship is changed, mistakenly, I think, from the colorful *Nawab* to the contrived sounding *Oedipus Tyrannus,* to conform with the name of the ship in *Under the Volcano* and to Lowry's plan to make *Ultramarine* "the first volume in a group of six or seven novels to be called collectively *The Voyage That Never Ends.*"

Made up of Malcolm Lowry's youthful, miserable self-pity and loneliness, expressed in the words of the young deck boy, Dana Hilliot, and the crew's lazy or abusive but always colorful talk or wandering yarns, *Ultramarine* was inspired by Eugene O'Neill and written largely under the influence of *Blue Voyage,* an early novel by Conrad Aiken, Lowry's lifelong mentor and friend, and, like Aiken's, was a conscious effort at writing a Joycean novel. The interior monologue spills, now and then, into brilliant disconnected digressions about the boy's girl back home, his family, "his separateness and rejection," his schooling, his fantasies of heroism and longing, and his guilts. As an early demonstration of talent and an excursion into self-enlightenment, and as a point of departure for the study of Malcolm Lowry, *Ultramarine* is a highly interesting novel.

But the young sailor, speaking, quite naturally, like an English school boy, to an older companion with whom he is getting drunk, himself says:

> "Perhaps you will write a book of your experiences."
>
> "Ja, perhaps," I said. "That is certainly a point. But the desire to write is a disease like any other disease; and what one writes, if one is to be any good, must be rooted firmly in some sort of autochthony. And there I abdicate. I can no more create than fly. What I could achieve would be that usual self-conscious first novel, to be reviewed in the mortuary of *The Times Literary Supplement,* a 'crude and unpleasant work', something of that nature, of which the principal character would be no more and no less, whether in liquor or in love, than the abominable author himself. I fear, also, that the disease is a childish one, diarrhoea scribendi simply. But I don't expect you to follow me. I'm sorry; I always speak like this when I'm tight."

By far a richer fulfillment of Malcolm Lowry's genius is presented in the *Selected Poems of Malcolm Lowry,* also just published. This is the first comprehensive collection of Lowry's poetry, and we can thank Earl Birney and Mrs. Lowry, again, for having saved them and for bringing them to light. Made up of 71 poems, about one-fourth of those which Lowry completed, this little book has been divided into several groupings, the subtitles for four of which are Malcolm Lowry's own: "The Roar of the Sea and the

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Darkness," "The Cantinas," "The Comedian," and "Songs from the Beach: Eridanus"; and they reflect the chronology of his life and the development of his writing – the young days at sea; the thirties, Mexico, and *Under the Volcano;* success, travel and work, and drink; and the quiet life on the beach at Dollarton in British Columbia with the production of most of the stories which appeared in *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* and several as yet unpublished works. Mr. Birney's words, in his introduction, are eloquently descriptive of Lowry and his poetry: " 'When the doomed are most eloquent in their sinking', wrote Malcolm Lowry in one of the poems in this book, 'it seems that then we are least strong to save'. The words are the man; they have the wry, archaic irony of his talk . . . they have his stance, teetering on a rope of comic fancies between grandeur and self-pity, between exultation in his own power and agonies of self-contempt. Even the image traces an epitaph; his whole life was a slow drowning in great lonely seas of alcohol and guilt. It was all one sea, and all his own. . . . Neither *Under the Volcano* nor the success of it, nor all the growing company of readers and friends, could save him from his destructive element. He has dissolved into it now, leaving only the countenance, stricken yet curiously jovial, that haunts us from his writings. In the great novel, and in the stories of *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place,* and in those works still to be published we can see him through the naïvely translucent masks he put on. But here, in the poetry, we are confronted with the naked and doomed face of the man himself." Full of the distilled bitterness of Malcolm Lowry's life, these poems are alternately glowing and black in their reflection of the rich but agonized experiences of their creator.

Paul Goodman's Anarchism

by Christopher Jencks

What are we to make of Paul Goodman? He is prolific and original. His work, both fiction and non-fiction, contains more ingenious ideas and reflects a more balanced sense of values and priorities than that of almost any of the more conservative and "realistic" social critics with whom he so often crosses swords. And yet to me his work seems deeply flawed – perhaps by his feeling

The Community of Scholars
by Paul Goodman
(Random House; $3.95)

of isolation from the main stream of American intellectual life. His writing is fundamentally irresponsible: designed to shock rather than to instruct, to spur men to action rather than to provide a blueprint for such action. The result is to make the whole body of his work seem in some sense frivolous – a game where words are only tangentially connected with reality.

"This book," he writes, "is a little treatise in anarchist theory. It can be regarded as a footnote to a few sentences of Prince Kropatkin on *The State* (1903):

> "With these elements – liberty, organization from simple to complex, production and exchange by guilds, commerce with foreign parts – the towns of the Middle Ages during the first two centuries of their free life became centers of well-being for all the inhabitants, centers of opulence and civilization, such as we have not seen since then. . . ."

If Goodman can believe that he can believe anything – and he nearly does.

He quotes Veblen approvingly: "The academic executive and all his works are anathema, and should be discontinued by the simple expedient of wiping him off the slate; and the governing board, insofar as it presumes to exercise any other than perfunctory duties, has the same function and should be lost in the same shuffle."

I do not know how seriously Goodman takes his own anarchism. Does he really believe that a community, wheth-

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er of scholars or of merchants, can exist without government? Or is he simply attacking the autocratic top-down government of American universities? Would he be content if this autocracy were replaced by a democracy, in which boards of trustees consisted of scholars, the faculty elected its own president for a limited term, and deans were simply the executive secretaries of faculty committees? Or does he, as he at one point suggests, want every professor to have to live by his wits, recruiting his own students and cultivating his own patrons in the medieval manner? He must realize, though he does not admit it, that this would lead to the survival of the most popular and would drive many scholars – not necessarily the least able – into other careers. Does he approve? The reader will never know, because Goodman does not take his own proposals seriously enough to examine even their most obvious consequences.

Nevertheless, at least one of his proposals deserves to be taken seriously:

> "The University must incorporate veterans so the teaching-and-learning can be for keeps. We can conceive of a faculty with a permanent staff of full-time tenured teachers, people who have a special calling for teaching and veterans who have retired to it. To these we must add many practicing veterans who also have a permanent association with the university, some temporarily teaching full time, some teaching part time. And through these, the faculty can extend out among all the artists and professionals of the region. . . .
>
> "If the faculties were composed in this way, they could not easily be controlled by administrations. There would be too many distinguished independents; the combined voice would be too authoritative. More important, they would become a force to be reckoned with in society. . . ."

As it is now, Goodman argues, "How ponderously we defeat our purposes! We start with the fact that there are tasks in the world that require learning (Goodman is no believer in knowledge as an end in itself), and they are performed by men. We make an abstraction from the performance of these men; those who can meet these standards will be licensed. We then copy off the license requirements as the curricula and departments of schools; and we man the departments with academic teachers. Naturally, at so many removes, the students do not take the studies for real; so then we import veterans from outside to pep things up!"

It does not seem to occur to Goodman that there is any reason for this seemingly perverse arrangement, and as a result he does nothing to demolish the arguments in favor of the status quo which will inevitably spring to every lip. He seems to assume that nobody has ever thought of employing people with practical worldly experience in a university before, and that once the idea is put forward its merits will be self-evident.

The fact is, however, that the pattern he describes has been explored in America for nearly a century in a multitude of variants by leading professional schools, especially law and medicine. It has been found after bitter experience that successful lawyers are not, by and large, the best teachers of law, that their "practical" experience often narrows their conception both of what is possible and what is interesting, and that the talents required to teach are not as synonymous with the talents required for practice as Goodman suggests. Similarly, the tendency in medical schools has been to place more and more emphasis on the academic side of medicine; medical schools worry more and more about teaching the students how to read medical journals and how to educate and train themselves after they graduate, rather than trying to give them "practical" knowledge while they are in medical school. The versatile professor who has years of experience in private practice is still a demigod with many students, especially the duller ones in the less distinguished schools, but the full-time researcher is nevertheless displacing him as the idol of the most gifted.

This development is certainly open to criticism, both because of its effect on the practice of medicine, law and other professions, and perhaps because of its effect on the teacher-student relationship in the professional schools. Nevertheless, the emerging pattern is the product of many years of experience. It was not imposed arbitrarily from above by capricious bureaucrats, but emerged from the repeated decisions of professional school faculties. If Goodman were to argue that these faculties have been making the wrong decisions, that they are serving their own short-term prejudices better than the long-term needs of society and of their professions, I would agree. But he argues no such thing. He simply ignores the problem.

Not only does Goodman neglect the precedent of the professional schools; he also treats the liberal arts colleges in a purely subjective, autobiographical fashion. He wants more part-time liberal arts faculty members who also have worldly jobs and responsibilities, and more "veteran" faculty who have held such posts in the past. Now if all the world were composed of independent professionals such as Goodman, this would be wholly desirable. But the world is not so composed. Most non-academic people work not for themselves, but for an institution. If liberal arts colleges took Goodman's advice, many of their faculty would be serving two masters – a situation which almost everyone regards as intolerable.

Is Goodman a true exception? Does he really think, for example, that Wayne State University would serve its students better if it hired fewer academic economists and worked out a "shared time" arrangement with GM, Ford and Chrysler? Or does he think that Harvard would be better run if those professors now working for Ken-

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nedy also retained their votes in their Harvard departments? I doubt that he thinks any such thing – at least not if he has watched the transformation of Harvard professors which followed their migration to Washington, or has listened to a corporate economist denounce Keynes.

Goodman's whole viewpoint seems to me naïvely apolitical. Nowhere does there seem to be any acceptance of inevitable conflict: between truth and power, between curiosity and success, between imaginative playfulness and responsible efficiency. Nowhere is there any admission that institutions of any sort serve a useful purpose in channeling conflict. Goodman's is the world of Rousseau – we are all spoiled by society rather than by original sin.

"There are [no] other institutions of established society," Goodman writes, "in which a subversive anarchy is quite so near the surface as in the faculties of colleges. And the students ready to follow hard after." Like much else in this volume, the diagnosis is over-autobiographical. Teachers and students are not, most of them, anarchists. They may be revolutionaries but they demand a program which will withstand the critical analysis in which universities specialize. Goodman's won't and so the revolution awaits a leader.

The Zephyrs of Death

by Winfield Townley Scott

There is a double edge to the quite remarkable talent of James Purdy. The simplest view of this may be taken by looking at the two novels he has so far published. *Malcolm* is a wildly fantastic narrative in symbols, but *The Nephew*, if not lacking in interior meanings, is first of all a straightforward Midwestern neighborhood story. Yet the simple view of Purdy is not easily maintained, for he is more likely to blend what I think we may call the realistic and the surrealistic visions. He is rather complex and special. This was evident in the arresting short stories, eventually collected as *Color of Darkness*, which brought him such high praise several years ago; we have it again in this new collection of nine stories and two brief plays.

Children Is All
by James Purdy
(New Directions; $4.25)

Playwriting is a new departure for Purdy, so let us look first for a moment at these.

The shorter of the two, "Cracks," presents a very old lady, her nurse-companion, and a small child. It consists largely of the musings of the old lady on life and death. Then when we have the old lady solo in darkness a Figure appears and they converse also of life and death. But the Figure, close-wrapped and half-shadowed in darkness, identifies himself as the Creator and says the world has come to an end. Nevertheless the vision concludes – or the old lady wakens from a dream? – and we are back with nurse, child, morning and an affirmation of ever-continuing creation.

"Children Is All," the longer play, is one of those "waiting for" situations which we have had at least from "Lefty" to "Godot." Here the regional atmospherics compare to *The Nephew*. We await with a middle-aged, middle-class woman the return after fifteen years in the Pen of her son who, perhaps unfairly, had been jailed for stealing bank funds. We are asked to believe (1) that in all those years she has never visited Billy and (2) that when he arrives in the night, wounded, and quickly dies in her arms she does not recognize him – though her house companion and a neighboring child know perfectly well it is Billy. Thus the play moves into symbols of human dissociation, of human estrangement or non-recognition, and thus we have another dimension.

That James Purdy can – almost always – blend these strata of real and surreal effectively there is no doubt. It is this that gives so much of his writing an air of strangeness. For one thing, he never assumes the role of omniscient author: his characters enact

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the episode; and we are teased – not told – into some knowledge beyond what they know. Also, to the extent I can put my finger on the main trick (and I use the word with no pejorative intent) it is this: Purdy, line for line, is a master of living speech, but with utterly real speech he more often than not creates a bizarre situation.

Almost any story in *Children Is All* illustrates what I mean. A girl has an undefined but tension-building encounter with a swimming instructor. Two young men are rooming together, and one asserts terrifying, utter power over the other. A naked and aging school teacher, after being raped wanders across town to the home of a former student, now a pathetic teacher of music who has just lost his mother, and he takes her into his house with trepidation but finally, impotently, beside him into his bed. A man, also aging, wants to possess his daughter-in-law.

And so on. Always the vigor of creative talk (it is not surprising, from the stories, that Purdy is attracted to plays) building, to put it mildly, the special drama.

All this would add up really to tricks only, if it were not conceived in such penetrating compassion. In the second play the child reads from a book, "I felt the zephyrs of death blowing from the cracks in my surroundings." Such zephyrs blow chilly through these stories. The basic themes are loneliness and separateness. Where lives touch, or almost touch, there is terror. The author, as I say, is never on stage. But we know him by what attracts him and by the brooding wonder with which he probes it. So Purdy continues to be the exciting writer he has been from the very first.

The Face of the Enemy

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

Mao Tse-tung stands today as the foremost revolutionary theoretician and leader in the world. His stubborn insistence on continued revolution and war brinkmanship has brought him into conflict with the recent policies of the Soviet Union. Acknowledged master of the art of guerrilla warfare, his methods have been saluted by so widely different figures as Ché Guevara of Cuba, the South Vietnam rebels and the French generals who revolted against de Gaulle's policy in Algeria. To the revolutionary leaders of many underdeveloped countries, it is Mao Tse-tung rather than Khrushchev who manifests the form of the future.

Mao Tse-tung
An Anthology of his Writings
Edited with an introduction by
Anne Fremantle
(New American Library; $ .75)

The Selected Works of the Chinese dictator occupy five volumes in their original English translation, but have been boiled down to their gristle and published with a sympathetic introductory essay by Anne Fremantle, herself a noted Anglo-American author. *Mao Tse-tung: An Anthology of His Writings* is compulsory reading for anyone concerned with the inner meaning of the Chinese Revolution and its claim to be spearhead of world transformation.

The Anthology is divided into two parts, the first and larger being grouped under the category of Political and Strategic Writings, while the second is labelled Philosophical Writings. As to the latter grouping, there is little of interest. Mao Tse-tung is an activist and, like Stalin, these writings will die with the man. His ideas on art, literature and general culture are the coarsest kind of Marxian dilution: that they should "serve the millions upon millions of working people" in one simple phrase sums up his entire attitude. It is not without reason that Chinese intellectuals, unlike those in Europe, never supported the revolution and even today are opponents of the regime.

The political, and especially strategic, writings are of a different type altogether. Mao has lived through the entire convulsive period of modern China – the collapse of the Manchus, the creation of the Kuomintang under Sun Yat-sen, the Soviet intrigue after the Russian Revolution, the split between the Communist Party and the Kuomintang, the Long March (at which time the Chinese Communists were reduced to some 17,000 soldiers), the Manchurian expedition of the Japanese which spread into the great Sino-Japanese War and then, finally, the defeat by the Communists of the Kuomintang and their assumption of power. In this rich and complex tapestry of events, Mao learned by doing and his wealth of activist knowledge has blossomed into the most complete study of strategic guerrilla warfare ever written.

Mao early saw that the Red enclaves in Nationalist China could exist solely because of "the incessant splits and wars within China's comprador class and landed gentry," *i.e.* the industrial and commercial class or nascent bourgeoisie and the landed or feudal element. It was this split that eventually delivered China to the Communists, the chaos caused by the inability of the new middle class to inhibit and control the rapacious landlords. With all Mao's tactical brilliance, it was the rotten Chiang Kai-shek government which delivered the peasantry to the Red banner and not the dialectical reasons later expounded to suit the event. In this, Castro's Cuba bears great similarity to the Chinese experiment, as Ché Guevara has openly acknowledged.

The great message Mao preached to the Chinese masses was equality of sacrifice in the common cause, from ordinary soldier to commander; and then this equality was imposed on the conquered – or, depending on one's terms, the liberated – regions. "The reason," says Mao, "why the Red Army can sustain itself . . . in spite of such a poor standard of material life and such incessant engagements, is its practice of democracy. The officers do not beat the men; officers and men receive equal treatment; soldiers enjoy freedom of assembly and speech; cumbersome formalities and ceremonies are done away with; and the account books are open to the inspection of all. . . . The newly-captured soldiers in particular feel that our army and the Kuomintang's army are worlds apart. They feel that, though in material life they are worse off in the Red Army than in the White Army, spiritually they are liber-

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ated." And in a later period, when the Communist cause was swelling, he makes the telling remark: "The Kuomintang rules over vast areas abounding in grain and is supplied annually by the people with 70,000,000 to 100,000,000 market piculs of grain, the greater part of which, however, is embezzled by those in charge, so that the Kuomintang army faces a constant food shortage and its soldiers are lean and pale starvelings."

This is the master lesson of the 20th Century. People will undergo almost any sacrifice if they believe and see imposed equality of treatment. That is why spartan North Vietnam is quiescent and opulent South Vietnam exploding. That is why Africa's poor Guinea under Sekou Touré fascinates rich Nigeria. That is why Castro's Cuba holds the devotion of much of its populace under worsening conditions and still intrigues large segments of Latin America.

Coupled with equality of sacrifice for the general good, Mao Tse-tung preaches the valor of the peasantry in a world where the peasants still form the large majority. In this, the Chinese Communist leader contributes a unique revolutionary doctrine by reversing Marx – though in the name of Marx. In Mao's doctrine, the power lies in the peasantry of a semi-feudal economy, *i.e.*, revolution is possible because of the conflict between the new bourgeoisie and the old feudal landlords. This peasantry, through guerrilla warfare, then imposes state power on a defeated enemy which includes not only the rich and all segments of the middle class, but also the intellectuals "infected" with Western democratic ideas. In a sense, the Mao revolution is thus directed against the skilled workers and intellectuals, the very reverse of Marxian thought, which considered the peasants of a reactionary force and had its revolutionary base centered in the urban workers and intelligentsia.

Such a revolution has, as a consequence, little attraction for the skilled workers in advanced nations. Among large states, only Brazil and India would seem to present the seed-grounds for a Mao-type revolution. Most African and Arab countries are "beneath" this stage of bourgeois-landlord conflict while European nations and the more advanced Latin American lands are "beyond" the stage. Mao's concept of guerrilla warfare itself is applicable only in two circumstances: an extensive and dispersed agrarian economy; and jungle or mountain conditions. But the doctrine itself, with its evangelic appeal to the peasants, is so popular that leaders like Ben Bella of Algeria pay it homage by lip service.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Mao's thinking is his view of democracy. Classical Marxist theory mocked at Western parliamentary institutions as in fact a dictatorship of the bourgeoisie to be supplanted by a superior form, the dictatorship of the proletariat which then, in time, would "wither away" as the contradictions due to class structure vanished.

Mao considers the Communists the only true democrats, "not of the democracy of the old type but of the united front of all democratic parties." He quotes Dr. Sun Yat-sen with great approval when the first great Chinese nationalist leader stated: "The so-called democratic system in modern nations is usually monopolized by the bourgeoisie and has simply become an instrument for oppressing the common people." Then Mao clearly defines what he calls New Democracy: "The state structure of New Democracy should be based on democratic centralism, with the people's congresses at various levels determining the major policies and electing the government. It is at once democratic and centralized, *i.e.* centralized on the basis of democracy and democratic under centralized guidance."

This definition has nothing to do with the present government of China, where the central committee under Mao's domination makes policy and then the people's congresses have to approve. Policies are decided at top and rubber-stamped down the line. The catch, of course, is "centralized guidance" since implicit in the definition is that the Leader knows what the people want better than the people. Fidel Castro is a proponent of this same position which has its direct historical roots in Plato's idea of the philosophical ruler as put forth in *The Republic*.

Curiously then, Mao states that the task of New Democracy is "to assure the broad masses of the Chinese people the possibility of freely developing personal initiative in society, freely developing a private capitalist economy," going so far as to write: "Those people are mistaken who think that the Chinese Communists are against the development of individual initiative, the development of private capital and the protection of private property." These statements were the basis for the support of Mao as an "agrarian reformer" – again as in Cuba.

The definition is retrieved for orthodoxy as Mao elucidates further that when Communists advocate the development of capitalism and New Democracy, these are but a stage. He then looks to Russia, its proletarian dictatorship and one-party government and calls this system of socialism the "newest type of democracy"; in Russia, Mao claims, man's exploitation of man has been abolished and the people support only the Bolsheviks.

We therefore have democracy, defined as the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie devoted to the oppression of the com-

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mon people; New Democracy, defined as an alliance of several classes coordinated through centralized guidance of elections; and newest type democracy, a one-party government since there is no longer exploitation of man by man and everyone supports the proletarian dictatorship. Mao later adds: "This is a law of history, a necessary and inevitable trend which no force can alter." In the chronology of modern China, democracy then would have been the period dominated by the Kuomintang, New Democracy the epoch extending approximately from 1949 to 1956, and newest type democracy thereafter.

It should be stressed that Mao in his own lights is honest. He states: "The freedoms of speech, of the press, of assembly, of association, of political convictions, of religious belief and of person are the most important freedoms for the people" – but only in the context of New Democracy, the secondary stage. Since he swung almost immediately to the third stage, the proletarian dictatorship, these so-to-speak interregnum freedoms were thrown away without damage to his doctrine. In his 1946 talk with Anna Louise Strong, included in the Anthology, Mao claimed that the strength of the Soviet Union was due to its people "who loved democracy and freedom," as compared to the weakness of US imperialism: in this third stage, it is obvious that the words democracy and freedom bear a meaning not only unique but totally different from ours – democracy is all agreeing with the dictatorship of the proletariat; freedom, the right to work and profit through this agreement.

The Chinese revolution is linked up to the world revolution in typical 19th Century clichés which the Russians, knowing the power of hydrogen bombs and having a population grouped in urban centers, are less willing to avow publicly. Mao's philosophy is writ as clearly as is Hitler's in *Mein Kampf:*

> "The landlords and compradors are completely the vassals of the international bourgeoisie, depending upon imperialism for their existence and development . . . the present world situation is one in which the two big forces, revolution and counter-revolution, are engaged in the final struggle . . . there is only one way of eliminating war, namely, to oppose war by means of war, to oppose counter-revolutionary war by means of national revolutionary war, and to oppose counter-revolutionary class war by means of revolutionary class war."

Mao Tse-tung: An Anthology of His Writings brings clearly to focus Mao as a military genius, a man whose future history may conceive more in this role than a political one; a man whose youth and middle age were spent in guerrilla and mass warfare and whose vision in economics and politics is a direct outcome of his military conceptions. *How To Seize Power* should be the correct title for Mao's writing, for this is its dominant concern. What to do with the power seized is another question altogether, and one which the Chinese Communist leader has faced with less than brilliance.

The supreme danger of Mao's philosophy is its absolute fanaticism and oversimplification in a world where such thinking is not only parochial but also tends to create the very situation it imagines: phantasy becomes reality by forcing the issue. Even in *The Communist Manifesto,* published over one hundred years ago, Marx and Engels postulated the possibility of "the common ruin of the contending classes" due to class war. Professors of Marxism in Moscow today publicly refer to the need of revising their orthodoxy in the light not only of lethal weapons but also of such new economic developments as the European Common Market. But this is heresy to Mao whose growing domestic difficulties only enhance his xenophobic hatred of any alternative path to salvation.

It is inevitable from this total philosophy that, given a long life to Mao and possession of the proper weapons, World War III must follow. Revolutionary war is the only method of burying the remaining national bourgeoisie, linked together by imperialism. War is the instrument of freedom and democracy, defined as agreeing with the dictatorship of the proletariat. And this is the necessary law of history, "the science of Marxism," for as the slave-owning class and then the feudal class were strong and each had to be overthrown, so it is the inevitable turn of the bourgeoisie. As he clearly states it: "The First World War was followed by the birth of the Soviet Union with a population of 200 million. The Second World War was followed by the emergence of the Socialism camp with a combined population of 900 million. If the imperialists should insist on launching a third world war, it is certain that several hundred million more will turn to socialism; then there will not be much room left in the world for the imperialists, while it is quite likely that the whole structure of imperialism will utterly collapse." And it follows from his own dialectical faith that the "imperialists" *must* try to destroy the Communist countries.

The Soviet Union accepts this attitude theoretically, but in actual fact is too afraid of the implications to persevere in a policy that will bring it into practice. Russia prefers to slice the salami thin. Mao, who maneuvers his 700 million people as though they were an army battalion in the call of history, eschews such hypocrisy. As he states: "Liberalism negates ideological struggle and advocates unprincipled peace." If

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Mao lives to the point where China is stronger or his disciples stay in control (and there are some indications that the moderates are gaining in China), the latter part of the 20th Century will see the worst man-made cataclysm in history, possibly the destruction of man, in the name of history.

One tries to be hopeful despite the evidence. Perhaps the most revealing document is the last item in the Anthology, a text of a speech made in 1957. Mao's subject was *The Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People*, a favorite theme. We now see that contradictions still exist in a socialist country, that large elements of the population are reluctant to embrace the Chinese species of socialist doctrine, that even among those of the faith new contradictions arise. Rather plaintively, Mao states: "There has been a falling off recently in ideological and political work among students and intellectuals, and some unhealthy tendencies have appeared. Some people apparently think that there is no longer any need to concern themselves about politics, the future of their motherland and the ideals of mankind. It seems as if Marxism that was once all the rage is not so much in fashion now." Mao concludes that the students and intellectuals must mend their ways. From the outside it is more apparent that just because students and intellectuals are concerned with "the future of their motherland and the ideals of mankind," they are now less drawn to Mao's view of history. This is the silent poison working in China . . . for mankind. And with the death of Mao Tse-tung, as that of Stalin, we shall without doubt see new forces come to the fore. The "Hundred Flowers" may have been crushed, but their roots are still there. History, especially Chinese history, has shown this time and time again and the famous remark of Mao that "the Chinese masses are blank" and "new and beautiful words can be written on them" is a knife that cuts two ways. From the inexorable victory of Marxist-Leninism trumpeted with much fury, to the ration, recently imposed, of thirty sheets of toilet paper a month to each person, is not a passage calculated to stir anyone with a minimal interest in the dignity of life.

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An Altar for the Living

by Howard Mumford Jones

Volumes II and III of Leon Edel's life of Henry James are on the majestic scale of the first, so that the total work in four volumes will be the longest biography in American literary history – twice as long as Schorer's monumental *Sinclair Lewis*. Volume II reaches its literary climax with *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881), but a delayed personal climax is postponed to the opening chapters of Volume III, which record deaths of James' parents (1882) and a basic alteration in familial responsibilities. The climax of Volume III will stir debate. It is the suicide in Venice of Constance Fenimore Woolson, "earnest, provincial, middle-aged, deaf" and lonely, for which Mr. Edel (in a sense following James) holds the novelist, who had his blind spots as an observer, in some degree responsible. In James' artistic career this volume has a double ending – the publication of *The Tragic Muse* (1890) and James' awkward flirtation with the commercial theater (1890-1895).

Henry James: The Conquest of London
and
Henry James: The Middle Years
by Leon Edel
(Lippincott; $8.50 each)

This foremost American novelist is entitled to rich and ample writing, and Mr. Edel has an encyclopedic knowledge of James. One may admire his patience, yet question the value of his thousand, incessant details. To list piece by piece the furniture in a Boston hotel room casually occupied, to note that in his London lodgings on Bolton Street James faced a sooty, brown, brick wall, to dilate for a paragraph on the delicate dilemma of entertaining Maupassant at dinner when the clubs were closed, meticulously to record the wall colors of a room in the Palazzo Barbaro, James's delight in the fact that French railway buffets served lunch, and the presence of a woodpile in his kitchen at 29 Rue de Luxembourg – these trivia, though "true" enough, clog narrative. Biography is, after all, narrative or it is nothing. Devoted Jacobins will hail with reverence this loving specificity. But the burden on Mr. Edel leads to such writing as:

> "One morning in early December of 1884 the author of *The Art of Fiction* might have been seen standing in the damp and cold outside a dark and gloomy building with towers, on the edge of the Thames, well-known to Victorians as Millbank Prison."

This is out of G.P.R. James, in whose novels solitary horsemen might have been seen wending their ways through dark and gloomy landscapes. I suppose sheer weariness drives Mr. Edel from time to time into the historical present ("It is April. Paris throbs with the life of the season. Henry has met a young Russian, etc."). This is near bathos. Fortunately Mr. Edel recovers from these moments of fatigue.

Mr. Edel is an intelligent admirer, not a blind devotee. His discussions of James' art are forthright, sympathetic, just, and candid. Thus he says of *The Europeans* that its characters are puppets and that James had not tried very hard. On the other hand his perceptive analysis of *The Portrait of a Lady* is affirmative and admirable. He takes *The Princess Casamassima* more seriously than I can, but his comments must be thoughtfully considered; and of *The Tragic Muse* he acutely notes that James was putting two novels together and "sometimes the seam shows." Critical comment on the shorter fictions have the same judicial quality. Moreover, Mr. Edel, though making us aware of the important autobiographical elements hidden in James' fiction, never deviates into uncritical Freudianism nor does he employ the facile myth and metaphor "explanation" of literary art too common among his contemporaries.

But his volumes are biography, in which criticism, though necessary, is secondary to the central aim; and Mr. Edel's importance, his permanent worth lie in what he tells us about James. He tells us, needless to say, more than anybody else has done, and I shall comment upon three or four important components in his study.

In the first volume of the total work, Henry James has slipped away from the immediate pressures of the James family, which was by no means as uniformly "jolly" as we had been hitherto told. In *The Conquest of London* these pressures have altered but not vanished. The parents still exercise a distant control through affection and the power of the purse. William rushes off to Europe, interrupts Henry's "work," falls ill, has to be looked after, remains critical of Henry's writing, and is still a rival elder sibling whose formidable imperiousness has to be overcome. In *The Middle Years*, Alice James is the central domestic problem. She comes to Europe as an invalid, interrupts Henry's work, displays an awkward, jealous passion for and about Katherine Loring, and dies under Henry's care. Her death, like that of Minny Temple and that of Constance Fenimore Woolson, whom he called Fenimore, conditions Henry's view of life in a deep and special way.

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I. F. Stone's Weekly

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The Reprieve and What Needs to Be Done With It

Last week was the world's first thermonuclear crisis. It will not be the last. This issue of the *Weekly* might never have been written. You who read it might have been one of the lucky few, huddled half-mad with anxiety about missing loved ones, in the ruins of New York or Washington. Mr. Kennedy's gamble paid off. But what if it had failed? Unless we can achieve a fundamental change of behavior among nations, the Cuban confrontation is only a pre-view. Is the fate of the world again to be decided in a test of will and nerve between two men? Or among three? As the news slowly begins to trickle out from behind the secrecy imposed, we get a glimpse of close contact between Russian submarines and U.S. warships hunting them. A U-2 was shot down. Other U.S. planes were fired upon. Incident and accident thrive on such tension. What if one of them had led to an outbreak of fighting? What if on some lonely aerial or naval patrol next time, someone's nerve or judgment fails?

What If Castro Seized Those Missiles?

In an article written before the Cuban crisis but published just after it in the London *New Statesman* (Oct. 26), under the title "Can Nuclear War Be Prevented?", Bertrand Russell wrote it was essential "to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons to powers which do not at present possess them" because "increase in the number of nuclear powers augments the danger of nuclear war at a rate greater than the increase in the number of nuclear weapons." Cuba demonstrated this vividly. In this, the first thermonuclear crisis, we saw the debut of the first Nth power. Though Khrushchev assured us, as we have so often assured him, that the ballistic missiles passed out to an ally were kept in close control of officers from Big Brother, what if Castro refuses to give them up? We are reminded by an Assistant Secretary of State (Martin, in a Voice of America broadcast) that Castro still has preponderant power in the island itself. He could seize the missiles and the Russians in charge of them. He could, with fewer than the 30 nuclear missiles he is supposed to have, blackmail the U.S. and the world. This is what Khrushchev risked. I would feel more grateful for his backdown if he hadn't made this terrible gamble to start with.

What happens when a bigger Nth power than Cuba is in a position to threaten the world's end to get its way? *Time* (Nov. 2) reported Bonn's Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss "worriedly saw a cynical deal trading off bases between the U. S. and Russia, *which would weaken his own long-range goal to obtain nuclear missiles for West Germany.*" (Our italics). What happens when last year's models of atomic weapons are available on the world's armaments market? What if Israel and Egypt had atomic weapons in the Suez crisis? If India and China had them now? If Chiang could

No Hurry

Since a nuclear test ban is one of the subjects on which fresh talks are now hoped for, we call attention to an unnoticed AEC-Defense Dept. release on Oct. 20. This said these two agencies had finally agreed on the site for an underground nuclear shot to be called Project Shoal. Inadvertently the release also reveals how effective these two agencies have been in dragging their heels on work to improve underground test detection.

Project Vela, to develop better detection methods, was launched May 7, 1960. One of the arguments for resumption of testing was the need for nuclear shots in this research program. When resumption of testing was announced by Mr. Kennedy Sept. 5, 1961, one of the purposes was to be the search for improved detection methods "for possible use in an international control system." Since then 55 announced and an undisclosed number of secret underground tests have been held but (as the release now reveals) "No nuclear detonation has yet been authorized specifically for the seismic research program."

The release says "much information bearing on improvement of capabilities" was gathered as a byproduct of these other tests. But Project Shoal will be the first test specifically for seismic research. It was first announced in November, 1961. Now, a year later, "site acceptance means that drilling and other work can go forward toward a possible detonation in the late spring or summer of 1963." This is certainly a serious pace.

The release says "The site was chosen because it is in an area with a history of frequent natural earthquakes (Sand Springs Range area of Nevada), so the seismic record of an underground nuclear detonation can be compared with that from a natural earth shock

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the great international novelist never really penetrated European society, at least from 1870 to 1895. The crude and awkward fact is that James Fenimore Cooper was more successful. We discover that in Rome, Henry James' social life was virtually confined to expatriate Americans and that no Italian family took him up. In Florence he knew no Italians of the *haut monde* to speak of. He wrote from Baden-Baden that he was confined to conversing with the waiter and the chambermaid, a Russian or two, and a couple of Americans. In his various years in Paris he "moved in a sort of cosmopolitan enclave within Paris," writes Mr. Edel, "among Russians and Americans, but having only glimpses of the French." "The French were inaccessible," a fact that throws a curious light on some of the novels. Not until the happy development of his friendship with Turgenev did James penetrate the literary and artistic circles of Paris, and even then, one feels, Turgenev carries him for a time on his own broad shoulders.

In England, though it became his spiritual home, James seems to have known few national leaders in finance, business, politics, industry, colonial policy, science, or diplomacy during a supreme period in British history. His England was the England of the Establishment, but the Establishment was curiously confined to drawing rooms, country houses, and literature. All this was to alter for a later, wider, and richer experience, but we are here dealing with the period from 1876 to 1895. Of course a novelist must work out of his experience and personal conditioning, he cannot be blamed for avoiding what he does not want to know, and James did the international theme surprisingly well (compare him with Francis Marion Crawford). But it is at least odd that, except for *The Princess Casamassima*, which seems to me contrived, he seldom or never records an interest in, or exposure to, the profound and troubling social and political drifts and tensions that worried Matthew Arnold or, for that matter Turgenev in his own distant Russia. It would appear that his odd upbringing, his illnesses in childhood and youth (his first exposure to Europe involved something diagnosed as malaria that seems to have had psychosomatic overtones), his stutter, and, oddly enough, his lack of religion (the church scarcely figures in Henry James) combined to hold him back, to endow him with uncertainty. Once in the 1850's when Henry begged William to include him in some excursion with the neighborhood boys in New York, William responded with cruel authority: "*I* play with boys that curse and swear!" Never a member of the gang as a boy except briefly in Newport, Henry never learned how to join a gang in manhood.

A third component in the biography (and how admirable Mr. Edel is in this matter!) is the women. The two volumes are populous with females, most of them "safe." There were six in Rome, there were three old women in London society, there was Elizabeth Boott (Duveneck) in Florence, and of course, if Mr. Edel is right, there was, emphatically, Constance Fenimore Woolson. Henry moved among these women, most of them older ladies, or at least ladies older than he was, with uneasiness, now adopting an avuncular character, now that of a big brother, now that of a courtly admirer, always reporting, until her death, to mother in Cambridge, and always exceedingly on his guard that he did not become "involved."

Mr. Edel understands the need of the artist to protect himself against personal invasion, but he is, in all honesty, driven to comment on the Fenimore-Henry relationship, whatever it was, that Henry's "behaviour has in it a quality of selfishness, a kind of easy innocence that belongs to that of a cad – an aesthetic cad, perhaps, but certainly not a sentient gentleman." And this of the percipient, the sensitive Henry James! No comment in these volumes does more honor to the biographer nor more clearly demonstrate his objectivity. Mr. Edel has to infer and reconstruct the Fenimore-Henry problem, much of the evidence having disappeared or remaining indirect, but his reconstruction is plausible. Certainly James' eagerness to "assist" for five weeks in the disposal of Fenimore's "immensely accumulated effects" is out of the ordinary – explained, Mr. Edel thinks, by James' determination surreptitiously to recover from the dead woman "such of his letters as were found," just as his reiterated statements that she must have been out of her mind read like expressions of a deep and haunting sense of guilt.

Mr. Edel's biography, when complete, will be one of the monumental biographies of the century. It has weight, amplitude, subtlety and knowledge. Its great qualities of patience and understanding carry with them, of course, inevitable limitations. The scene is oddly limited to "literature," travel, society, and personal relations. One could scarcely learn from these crowded pages that there were a Franco-Prussian war, a Congress of Berlin, a Vatican Council, a Gilded Age, a bombardment of Alexandria, riots in Trafalgar Square, a Turko-Russian war, Fabianism, the Parnell divorce and the Dreyfus case in this quarter-century. Since James paid no attention to these matters, Mr. Edel, properly enough, pays no attention to them as a biographer. When, however, one thinks of Balzac with his enormous understanding of all France, or of Zola with his vast canvas of the Second Empire, or of Trollope with his wide comprehension of English finance, politics, the church, and the governing groups, or of Ibsen, or of *The Brothers Karamazov*, published a year before *The Portrait of a Lady*, one realizes the necessity, not of complaining that James did not do something else, but of defining him more sharply against the totality of the culture of the Atlantic community. Mr. Edel does not attempt this comparison – with all he has to say, how can he? – but his remarkable study seems to me to underline the need for such a comparative view if we are to understand more clearly the achievement of Henry James.

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Wider Ranges for Younger Readers

by Ruth Hume

Not so many years ago both amateur and professional Viewers-with-Alarm, Younger Generation division, were telling us that the juvenile reading public would spend so much time staring glassy-eyed at TV, it would hardly have any time or interest left over for books. I don't know whether this ominous, and certainly logical, threat ever activated any ulcers among the publishers of children's books. They would have suffered to no purpose. Prosperity is rampant throughout the children's book business.

In 1958, according to a recently published survey in *Publishers' Weekly*, 173 million copies of children's books were sold in this country. These figures apply to regular commercial, or trade, books, and do not include school texts. In 1959 the figure jumped 20 million copies, to 193 million. In 1960 it reached 209 million and last year climbed to 227 million.

The figures have more significance when they are compared with the sale of hard-cover adult books for the same span of years. In 1958 the number of these books sold was 427.9 million. By 1961, it was 507 million; the sale of adult books went up 18 percent, the sale of juveniles climbed by 31 percent.

While no one but a dedicated network PR man could claim that television is responsible for this increased preoccupation with books, there are some easily traced correlations between the two. Any well edited and produced collection of ghost stories, for example, might be expected to have a reasonable success, since if you are a ghost you are almost as in with the younger generation as if you are a horse. But there is nothing in this predictable fact to explain the phenomenal success of two collections of spooky stories brought out this year and last year by Random House. What *does* explain it are titles of the two books. *Alfred Hitchcock's Haunted Houseful* and *Alfred Hitchcock's Ghostly Gallery*. Nor is it mere coincidence, or a sudden interest in the history of the American Revolution, that has made the sale of the Landmark *Swamp Fox of the Revolution* zoom so far ahead of its colleagues in that very well patronized series.

There are undoubtedly a slew of economic and educational factors to explain the boom in the children's book business. Among them must be included the perspicacity of the publishers themselves who have lately expanded their operations to include hitherto ignored or undervalued segments of the reading public. The most recent move in this direction is the development of books for a group designated as "young adults." The prickly (and often ridiculous) problem of age designation is handled well here. The books are simply labelled "over twelve." They are designed for the in-between teen-agers who would not be caught dead reading a book for ten-year-olds but who are not quite ready to move completely into adult reading. Until recently, this group, as an entity, has been neglected, except for the traditional offerings such as series romances that appeal only to early-teen-age girls.

The most spectacular cultivation of a hitherto undeveloped market came, of course, with the launching some years back of the read-it-yourself, controlled-vocabulary books for children in the early elementary grades. Like most successful commercial ventures, the easy-reading books inspired a wide variety of critical reactions. Largely because of their small vocabularly, it became fashionable in some circles to sneer at their shortcomings and overlook their basic purpose. The publishers and editors of these little books did not intend to cut their own throats by urging them as a replacement for the more substantial books for this age group that require

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reading aloud. Nor did they engineer the books with the crafty purpose of persuading kiddies that they are really accomplished readers, when actually they are working within a limited vocabulary. The read-it-yourself books were designed to let the enthusiastic new reader test his burgeoning skill on something entirely different from the material he encounters in school.

Now I have neither the space nor the foolhardiness to tangle with the professional educators. And since the whole matter of primary grade reading material is under constant discussion and adjustment, it seems clear that at least some educators know perfectly well that it's time for a change. Eventually they will all catch on to a fact that trade publishers (and parents) have known for years. Little children are vastly disinterested in the everyday activities of contemporary children. Most of them regard the heroes and heroines of their school texts as crashing bores. A juvenile editor of immense perception told the Georgetown Writers' Conference last summer about a highly technical study written by a friend of hers on the subject of deficiencies in reading-primers. The book came out with an appropriately high-sounding title in spite of the editor's urgent plea that it be called simply *Down the Drain with Dick and Jane*. A child who is learning to read with the carefully graded and controlled help of Dick and Jane (their parents and their spotted dog), cannot be blamed for enjoying some extra-curricular reading of his own, on subjects of greater appeal: a friendly dinosaur, a talented seal, a charming little bear and its family, a ubiquitous, trouble-making cat, a horse whose allergy to roses eventually leads to the capture of a band of robbers. Naturally there are plenty of children in the first grade for whom these little books are too simple and it is up to their parents to see that they are supplied with home reading material geared to their greater abilities. But it is short-sighted to condemn the entire concept of easy-reading books just because they are too simple for the above-average reader (like your children and mine). Publishers have bulging letter files to show what they mean to the low-average and below-average readers and their parents.

Something to do with the temper of the times must account for the fact that the most distinguished writing for young people today is in the field of history and biography. (Needless to say there is plenty of undistinguished writing in this field, too, with nearly every major publisher leaping on the band wagon.) A practical consideration in the superiority of contemporary non-fiction is that it is easier to produce than good fiction. Well-intentioned but misinformed people sometimes accuse sensitive juvenile editors of sitting around all day busily rejecting great unknown masterpieces, and thus stifling the creative genius of a host of contemporary Lewis Carrolls. Actually, the editors themselves are waiting with pathetic eagerness for these manuscripts to turn up in the mail. They put in extremely rare appearances.

Today's average young reader, if there is such a thing, tends to be a rather literal fellow who prefers non-fiction to fiction and who is a compulsive fact-collector. His devotion to lists and compilations is characteristic of his age group, particularly if he is in the fifth or sixth grades. It will do him no harm if he does not carry an unimaginative turn of mind to the pitiful extremes of the wretched kiddy whose letter to a publisher appeared in a recent *Saturday Review*: "I enjoyed your book *The Wizard of Oz* very much," he announced. "I have some comments to make. . . . The Scarecrow didn't have any brains but how come he used them when he was thinking of building a raft? The tin woodsman didn't have any heart, but . . . how come he cried when he stepped on a bug? The lion had no courage, but how come he was brave enough to jump over the pit? If you will answer my questions I will be glad."

It would take more than a casual explanation to get through to a child who has so completely failed to grasp the moral of the tale. He has been fed too exclusively on a diet of facts if he cannot handle the simple abstractions represented by the unfailing logic of the brainless Scarecrow.

The literal minded and serious youngsters do need and do deserve something special in the way of fantasy to balance their understandable concern with the How's and Why's and All About's in their lives. Things are pretty bleak in this department, but there are two bright spots. One is the reprinting, by Macmillan, of the six volumes in *The Chronicles of Narnia*, by C. S. Lewis: *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe; Prince Caspian; The Voyage of the "Dawn Treader"; The Silver Chair; The Horse and His Boy;* and *The Last Battle*. This is high level fantasy and humor, combined with the kind of luminous prose one would expect from Lewis. The other and quite different entry in the field is last year's delightful *The Phantom Tollbooth*, by Norton Juster. This is one of those items that truly does have something to offer to practically any age group, including parents. Very little children will enjoy the story at its face value; the older and more experienced readers will relish the often quite brilliant satire not only on our use of the language but on the *mores* behind it. My twelve-year-old, who read the book three times on the first two days he owned it and who quotes extensively from it at apposite moments, says that it reminds him of *Alice in Wonderland*, with a large dash of Thurber and a small dash of S. J. Perelman.

THE MATERIALS

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ART

Art in the Library

With caution and an eye to the spring lists, it can be reported that, in the world of the art books, the troubled soul of Vincent Van Gogh has at last found rest. Renoir, on the other hand, has made an unexpected and entrancing comeback. *Renoir, My Father*, by the director Jean Renoir (Little, Brown, $8.95) begins with the son's arrival home from World War I to stay with his widowed, crippled father. The two invalids became friends and the son absorbed much of the father's youthful life, which now, almost half a century later, he publishes, augmented by subsequent testimony from Gabrielle, his nurse and his father's model, from Cezanne's son and from many others. In writing of his father, Jean Renoir avoids all the normal faults of survivors' memoirs of the great departed, probably because he himself has been an artist of achievement and grace. For whatever reason, we get a fascinating account of the painter's memories of his childhood, the son's memories of his and an atmosphere created by work and love.

Anyone around 53rd Street about a year ago was struck by the long and patient lines of citizens waiting to see Marc Chagall's windows for the synagogue of the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center, Jerusalem. *The Jerusalem Windows* (Braziller, $35) is a sumptuous presentation of the windows themselves and of the sketches and drawings made for them. A text by Jean Leymarie describes the entire process and there are photographs of the artist at work as well as two "original lithographs," apparently in the Parisian sense of those words, created especially for the book.

Astonishingly, Anthony Blunt and Phoebe Pool have, in *Picasso, The Formative Years* (New York Graphic Society, $8.50) turned up an aspect of old Proteus not previously exhausted by Roland Penrose. Subtitled, "a study of his sources," the book very stimulatingly offers visual comparisons between the emerging genius and the established artists around him in Spain and Paris. Most of us have noted echoes of Lautrec and Degas, but the two British critics juxtapose early pictures of Picasso with related items by Beardsley, Burne-Jones and even Whistler, not to mention Puvis, Parmigianino and early Greeks. The text follows the youth up to 1907 and the Demoiselles d'Avignon.

Sir John Rothenstein, director of the Tate, fills a more obvious gap in *British Art Since 1900* (Phaidon, $13.50), an amply illustrated survey of painting and sculpture in Britain from Sickert and Gaudier-Brzeska to Armitage and Michael Rothenstein. The British have been consistently underrated compared to the French, Germans and more recently the Americans. But there has been quiet vitality throughout the century and Sir John reveals its fullness.

Another too easily ignored school of painting is presented in James Thomas Flexner's *That Wilder Image* (Little, Brown, $15). The subject is "America's Native School" from Thomas Cole to Winslow Homer. Flexner makes a strong case that American painting began with Cole rather than with Jackson Pollock and conducts a tour a good deal more interesting than those that begin with the younger artist.

An admirable essay in art history is Hans Jantzen's *High Gothic* (Pantheon, $4.50), a study of Chartres, Reims and Amiens as the classic expressions of Gothic architecture. Even as he varies the illustrations from photos to drawings to suit expository purposes, so Professor Jantzen modulates from technics to theology, from aesthetics to sociology in creating an exemplary exegesis of the three great churches.

More recent architecture is dealt with in *The Evolution of an Architect* by Edward Durrell Stone (Horizon, $15), *Architecture, Man in Possession of His Earth* by Frank Lloyd Wright (Doubleday, $8.50) and *Eero Saarinen on His Work* (Yale, $12.50). The Saarinen book, assembled by the architect's widow, is the most impressive as a book. It also suggests strongly that of the three men, Saarinen created the

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most consistent, powerful, poetic and life-enhancing body of work. The Wright book has a biography by his daughter, Iovanna, and attempts to grasp the whole of man's building experience. Yet it demonstrates once more, in its plentiful drawings, that Wright never entirely discharged his debt to Art Nouveau, an essentially frivolous spirit. Oddly enough Stone, Wright's disciple, manages to bring the lessons of the master into the 20th Century in a series of charming, tasteful, effective buildings.

Carpaccio, Paintings and Drawings, Complete Edition, by Jan Lauts (Phaidon, $18) is exactly what its long title claims and as usual in this series the author offers some highly informed guesses at the solution to various of the problems of the painter, along with a very sensitive explication of the work. There are 260 illustrations, 18 in color, covering all known work with many details and showing the early beginnings of that dream of Venice which has lived ever since through Titian and Tintoretto, Tiepolo and Canaletto and, now, in Santomasso.

Latest in the superb UNESCO series is *Tunisia, Ancient Mosaics* (New York Graphic, $18) with texts by Giacomo Caputo and Abdelaziz Driss. We see the old motifs survive in this outpost of Empire even after Rome itself had turned to Christian themes and we watch the variations of provincial style in the great treasury of pavement mosaic.

At the other end of the Empire, *Art in Roman Britain* by J. M. C. Toynbee (Phaidon, $15) is a private British Society (for the Promotion of Roman Studies) publication. It shows among other things the great value of such groups in England. In 230 newly-made photos the book illustrates a jubilee exhibition in the field and covers pavement mosaic, frescoes, pottery, glass, metal and armor, and the several kinds of sculpture. The principal text is the detailed catalogue of the objects and there is also an introductory essay.

The Earth, The Temple and the Gods by Vincent Scully (Yale, $15) is a provocative study of Greek sacred architecture with special reference to its siting. Professor Scully explores the relationship between sites, views from sites, approaches to sites and a generally sexual interpretation of Greek myth, which, gods know, is sexual enough in any interpretation. Over 400 photos support the author's analysis.

Related to Professor Scully's enterprise is that of S. Giedion in the Mellon lectures of 1957, now printed as *The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Art* (Bollingen Series, Pantheon, $12.50). Professor Giedion surveys the cave art of France and Spain and offers illuminations well within the Jungian orientation of the Bollingen series. Comparisons are made with 20th Century artists, but the main job is the sheer classification of the many marks and modelings on those ancient walls and ceilings. From this classification, with more than 500 illustrations, the author builds a theory about primitive art and eternal man.

Completely different is the approach of another Mellon lecturer, Naum Gabo, whose *Of Divers Arts* (Bollingen Series, Pantheon, $7.50) was given at the National Gallery in 1959. Yet the thought of this pioneer constructivist can also be fitted within the Jungian notion of archetypes. More interesting than the theory is the author's close analysis of "pre-modern" art in Czarist Russia and his numerous remarks on his own – and Pevsner's – chaste and classical art for the 20th Century.

Two final items. *The Bare Feet* by Nell Dorr (New York Graphic, $10) is a photographic meditation that really succeeds. Living in a primitive Mexican village, Mrs. Dorr let her camera record scenes and people and has matched the record with an exalted text to create a hopeful essay on the human condition.

The Story Behind the Painting (The editors of *Look*, text by Leo Rosten; Cowles/Doubleday, $14.95) is the product of an art series in *Look* magazine and consists chiefly of Mr. Rosten's accounts written for each of the 53 reproduced paintings. The range is from early Renaissance to early 20th Century and the text is a perfect example of how to introduce great art to the unknowing through the artist or subject of the work. Mixed in with the adroitly handled human interest is a steady revelation of how, what and why art is.

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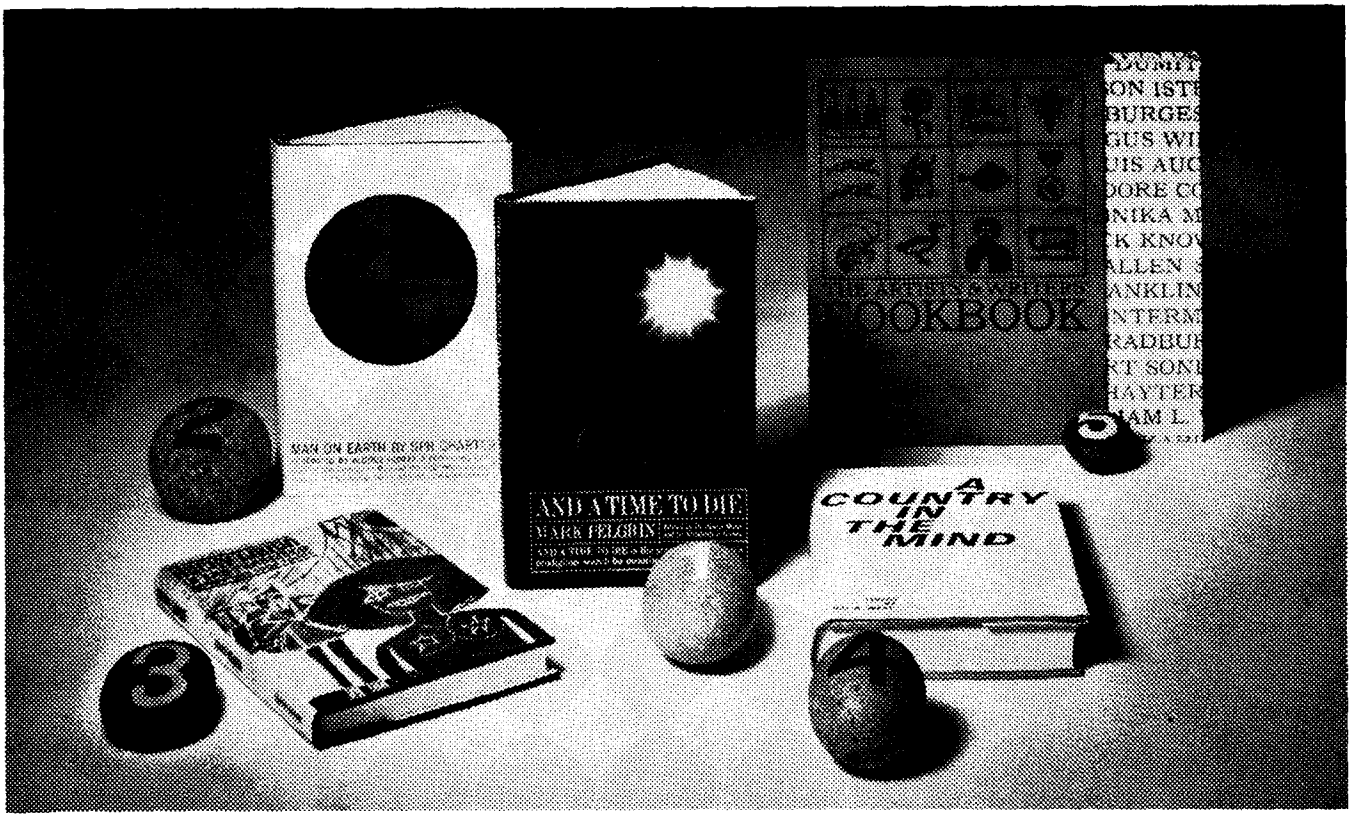

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Castro and Franco

Sirs:

In his reply to Salvador de Madariaga's "Appeal to America," Louis Halle unwarily sets down some general principles as justification for our Government's cossetting of the Franco regime:

> "The rule in international affairs has been to accept the existence of a foreign government, whether one approves of it or not, where it appears to be accepted by the people under it (who have the primary responsibility). . . . The best [Washington] can do is to judge the general acceptance, and this only by the absence of popular rebellion on any significant scale. The overwhelming majority of the Spanish people may abhor their present government . . . but they accept it in submitting to its authority. Washington can hardly refuse to accept what they themselves accept. . . . Being courteous to one's ideological opponents is often a necessity of international politics. Otherwise this inflammable world might quickly burn up."

Is Mr. Halle as obtuse as he sounds, or is he just kidding? In either case, I would be interested in his application of the above formulae to our Government's policy toward Castro's Cuba, where there has been no popular rebellion as we learned to our cost at the Bay of Pigs and where "the overwhelming majority" submit to Castro's authority with much more enthusiasm than has ever been the case in Franco's Spain. "Washington can hardly refuse to accept what they themselves accept," *dixit* Halle. But in Castro's case, this is precisely what Washington has done, and it has gone much farther in the way of active hostility than anything that Mr. Madariaga proposed. Does Mr. Halle distinguish between the two cases? If so, he might have mentioned it since he does have a lot to say abut Cuba (without, apparently, being aware of any parallel). If not, why not?

This is written at the height of the present Cuban crisis, or what I hope is the height. . . . President Kennedy's blockade has, of course, nothing to do with the present argument.

Objecting to Soviet rocket sites being installed in Cuba is quite different from objecting to that country's internal regime or even to its allies. But I would like to know Mr. Halle's discriminations between our policy toward Franco and toward Castro. He might start off from his really marvelous sentence: "Being courteous to one's ideological opponents is often a necessity of international politics." Sir Galahad rides again!

Dwight Macdonald
New York, N. Y.

The Slave Trade

Sirs:

In your issue of September 17, Mr. Rupert Wilkinson's article ("The Slave Trade") suggests that such a trade exists in Kuwait. Far from being true, this strange statement is shocking to everyone who has had the chance to visit Kuwait or to have first-hand knowledge of the state of affairs in this country.

Everyone is well aware of the fact that Kuwait is a welfare state . . . a state that utilizes all of the country's resources for the well being and welfare of its population. Everybody with a fair and objective mind would say so. It was only the other day that *The New York Times* carried an AP message from Kuwait which reads verbatim, "unlike many of the oil-rich Arab rulers, Kuwait's Emir Abdullah As Salim as Sabah uses his immense wealth for welfare and development projects. A person living here can get free hospitalization and schools, low-priced housing financed by long-term loans, etc." (September 24, page 38.)

A country whose main concern is the well-being of the individual will undoubtedly respect the integrity of the individual and such a country would naturally condemn slavery. . . .

There remains one word to say. I wished the writer had not committed himself by totally relying on a statement made by an anonymous "observer"; by so doing, he committed a major offense against my country. I think that before making such a grave

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charge which might do a lot of harm to the prestige of any country, one should be most careful as to the authenticity of the references he is quoting, and of course, more than one reference would not only be preferable, but a necessity. I would rather add that Kuwait is open to the writer or anybody else to go and see for themselves.

Jamil Al-Hassani
Press Secretary
Embassy of Kuwait

May I have a little space to bring up to this very date the wonderfully informative article by Rupert Wilkinson on "The Slave Trade."

Four Royal Saudi Arabian Princes, brothers of King Saud, have declared their abhorrence of his slave-owning practices and are forming a free Saudian movement in Cairo. The Imam of Yemen has found none of his people prepared to help him regain his throne. It is probable that he has died of wounds. The revolutionary government, whose first aim was "no more slavery," seems securely established. The slave owning Emirs of the Aden Protectorates with whose territories the British government is hoping to federate the Aden Colony, are trying to embroil Britain in their attempts to suppress the Yemen revolution, while President Nasser gives it support.

In November the General Assembly of the United Nations will call on all Member States to accede to the Slavery Conventions. Perhaps the United States and Canada will respond to this call. While President Nasser acts effectively against slave practices, other nations might at least go through the form of showing their disapproval but only 42 out of 105 have ratified the Convention of 1956.

Thomas Fox Pitt, Secretary
Anti-Slavery Society
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What Grows in Brooklyn?

Sirs:

Congratulations for printing Dave Berkman's "Creeps Grow in Brooklyn" (*NR*, November 3). It's a huge relief for me to read an article on New York City's school system, minus the cant and hypocrisy which usually flows down from Livingston Street and City Hall. And Mr. Berkman's credentials are so marvelously unassailable.

I've just gone through the saddening experience of trying to lure a young couple back into Manhattan. Look at the theater, the music, the museums, etc. What an opportunity for your children, I said. But what about the schools, they asked? Well, Mr. Berkman's article provides the answer. Because of the low caliber of City schools, and that alone, my friends moved further out on the Island.

W. H. von Dreele
New York City

It is shocking to read Dave Berkman's cynical appraisal of the "vast majority" of New York teen-agers. As one who has worked as a substitute teacher while studying for his doctorate, Berkman found them "spineless, luxury-loving, spiritless creeps, anti-intellectual, stupid, unaware, unconcerned and selfish." Berkman does not limit his contempt to teen-agers from Brooklyn. Commenting on "about a third of all American POW's in Korea who collaborated in some way with the enemy," Berkman's indictment is a sweeping one geographically, morally, intellectually and culturally, without respect, he says, to "ethnic, social and economic circumstances."

I cannot claim Berkman's unique temporary experience with 10,000 teen-agers. But I have worked and lived round-the-clock during fifteen summers with a fair cross section of several thousand teen-agers from New York and elsewhere. I have found them overwhelmingly open to idealistic concepts, easily moved over social issues and injustices, amenable to the development of sensitive human relations, willing to work hard at meaningful activities, intellectually and culturally responsive to stimulation and eager to assume responsibilities.

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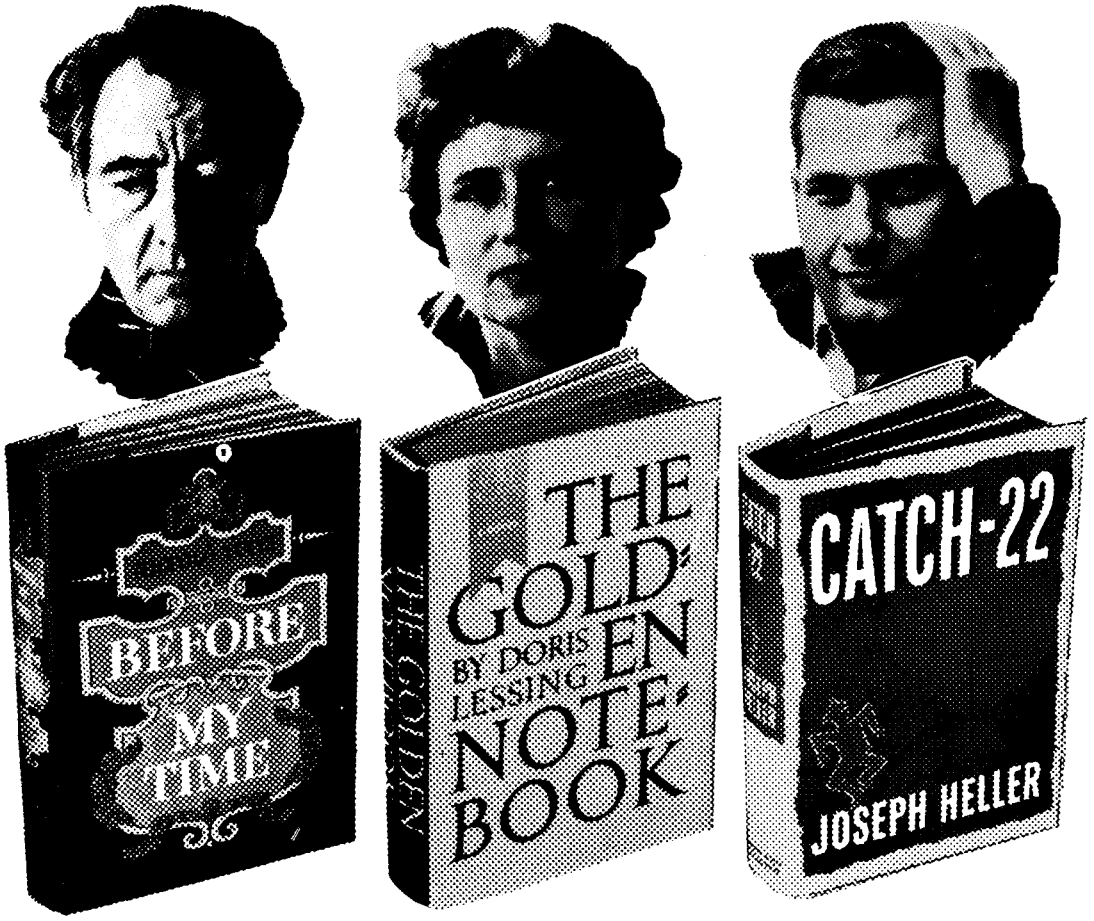

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